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Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Eleventh.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
KING HENRY IV. Part 1.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

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Bell's Edition.

RICHARD II.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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MDCCLXXXVI.

RICHARD II.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

From the Text of

STEEVENS and REED.

And revised from the last Edition.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

RICHARD II.

THIS history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-Castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelley Merrick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi, in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curâsset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraign-

ments

ments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. iv. p. 418. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have less in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth inquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspere, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefesible right*. FARMER.

This play of Shakspere was first entered at Stationer's Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspere has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspere, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspere had more of his own than Jonson, and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This

This play is one of those which Shakspere has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King RICHARD *the Second.*

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York,* } *Uncles to the King.*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,* }

HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, afterwards King Henry the Fourth, Son to John of Gaunt.*

Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*
Duke of SURREY.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl BERKLEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *Creatures to King Richard.*
GREEN, }

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.
PERCY, *Son to Northumberland.*
Lord ROSS.
Lord WILLOUGHBY.
Lord FITZWATER.
Bishop of CARLISLE.
Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Abbot of Westminster.
Sir PIERCE OF EXTON.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

WOMEN.

Queen to King Richard.
Dutchess of GLOSTER.
Dutchess of YORK.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersedly, in England and Wales.*

RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court. *Enter King* RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and chrystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable

Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mowb. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true;——
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove——

Or

Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:—
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. —— For Gloster's death——
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:

In

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.
Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one, my duty owes; but my fair name
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave),
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Mowb.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;

There

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of LANCASTER's *Palace. Enter* GAUNT, *and Dutchess of* GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
On seven fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,

One

One flourishing branch of his most royal root—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded.
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek our sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Lists, at Coventry. Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The Trumpets sound, and the King enters with GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, *and others: when they are set, enter the Duke of* NORFOLK, *in Armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art, [*To* MOWBRAY.
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *Appellant, in Armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
[*To* BOLINGBROKE.
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewel, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness, [*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—

Not

Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood—
[*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive!

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege—and my companion peers—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. [*A Charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
Stay, the king has thrown his warder down.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:——
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long Flourish; after which, the King speaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords;
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.——
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be——

That

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich.

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk—so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,

And

And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
[*To* BOLING.
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewel:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*
[*Exit.*

Aum. Cousin, farewel: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewel; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can——
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Court. Enter King RICHARD, *and* BAGOT, *&c. at one Door, and the Lord* AUMERLE, *at the other.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and has sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-House.

K. Rich. Now, put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.——
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Room in Ely-House. GAUNT *brought in, sick; with the Duke of* YORK.

Gaunt.

WILL the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and musick at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious meeters; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile),
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *Queen*, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come; deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why,

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;
And——

K. Rich.—Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—

Love

Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge—
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,

The

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewel:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-House,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

And

And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: — Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now;

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering: but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter;
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint——
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,

Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court. Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewel to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides

Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!—— 379
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him. 389

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold,

Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, I came by, and call'd there;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven
(So my untruth hath not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.
I should to Plashy too;——

But

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* YORK, *and Queen.*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;

Where

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross, *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
From the most glorious of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why —— Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive! O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wand'ring vagabond: my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

In Wales. Enter SALISBURY, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewel.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death of kings—
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BOLINGBROKE's *Camp at Bristol. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *Prisoners.*

Bolingbroke.

BRING forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
'Till you did make him misinterpret me——
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:

Whilst

Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.—
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
[To fight with Glendower and his complices;]
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View. Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, AUMERLE, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth.
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.——

Mock

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.
Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spight of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But, when from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,

His

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALSIBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich.

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, 'till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name? a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well us:

Cry,

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swell the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;——
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp!
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,

And

And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.——
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Camp of BOLINGBROKE, *before Flint Castle. Enter with Drum and Colours,* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Attendants.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle,

Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A Parle

A Parle sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls King RICHARD, *the Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,

And

And we are barren, and bereft of friends:—
Yet know—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said—

His

His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say—thus the king returns:——
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great

As

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? 'o God's name, let it so:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whil'st I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well:—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

[NORTH. *advances.*

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—Ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. *retires to* BOL.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

[*Enter* RICHARD, *&c. below.*

Boling.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord— [*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own Head.*

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is your's, and I am your's, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, No. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE

Act 3. KING RICHARD. II. Scene 4.

Burney del. Thornthwaite Sculp.

MISS, FARREN as the QUEEN.

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July. 7. 1786.

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of YORK's *Garden. Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen, and Ladies, retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go, thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm state?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!— [*Coming from her Concealment.*
Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth, 559
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolinkbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Post you to London, and you'll find it so; 571
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,

To

To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-House. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *Abbot of* WESTMINSTER, *Herald, Officers, and* BAGOT.

Bolingbroke.

CALL forth Bagot:
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, *You rather had refuse*
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: Thou liest, and
I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies! there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.——
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,

And,

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's sculls.

O, if

O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To* CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with King* RICHARD.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but, he in twelve,

Found

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer——
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory, base; a sovereign, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.
North. My lord——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title—
No, not that name was given me at the font—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
[*To* BOLING.
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter one, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
[*Dashes the Glass against the Ground.*
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation; lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and* AUMERLE.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in London. Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen.

THIS way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose whither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
[*To King* RICHARD.
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate

A two-

A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me, and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*

Queen.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of YORK's *Palace. Enter* YORK, *and his Dutchess.*

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You

You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter

Enter AUMERLE.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear,

I fear, I fear——

Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason, foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? saddle my horse.
Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace:——What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

Enter Servant, with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[*Speaking to the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch.

Dutch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Court at Windsor-Castle. Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers:
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *amazed.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

Boling.

KING RICHARD. II.

For ever may my Knees grow to the Earth,

Act 5 Scene 3

de Loutherbourg del *Delatre Sculp.*

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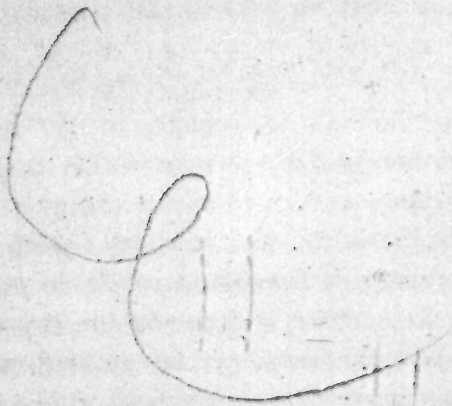

Boling. Have thy desire. [YORK *within.*
York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the Door, enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou reads'st, thy promise past;
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What, ho, my liege! for heaven's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd; from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *the Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law—and the abbot,

With

With all the rest of that consorted crew—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel:—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son; I pray heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Prison at Pomfret-Castle. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus—*Come, little ones*; and then again—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; Like silly beggars,

Who,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the musick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,

Are

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom.

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a Weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Court at Windsor. Flourish: Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the Bishop of* CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:——
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

K. RICHARD II.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCC LXXXVII.

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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

K. RICHARD II.

ACT I.

Richard II.] It is probable, I think, that the play (mentioned in Dr. Farmer's note before this) which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"*exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi secundi*; and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) says "That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of deposing* King *Richard the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. vii. p. 60. the matter is stated thus: "the story of HENRY IV. being set

forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of* HENRY IV. The players told them, that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakspere* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not Shakspere's HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

Line 2. ——*thy oath and band,*] When these publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. ch. 3. st. 3.

"The day was set, that all might understand,
"And *pledges* pawn'd the same to keep aright."

The old copies read *band* instead of *bond*. The former is right. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My master is arrested on a *band*." STEEVENS.

46. ——*right-drawn*——] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

65. ——*inhabitable,*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Catiline*:

"And

"And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place."
STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequent *desarts and inhabited* provinces, echoing in every place their own vanities, endorsing their names on the barkes of trees." MALONE.

77. *What I have* spoke, *or thou canst* worse *devise.*] The folio reads,

What I have *spoken* or what thou canst devise.

The quarto of 1615, according to the text.
MALONE.

82. *And, when I mount,* alive *may I not light,*] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:

And when I mount alive, alive *may I not light.*
STEEVENS.

85. ——*that can* inherit *us,* &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess,* though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspere. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet,* act i. sc. 2.

"———such delight
"Among fresh female buds shall you this night
"*Inherit* at my house." STEEVENS.

Again, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"———Gaunt as a grave,
"Whose hollow womb *inherits* nought but bones."
MALONE.

118. ——*my sceptre's awe*——] The reverence due to my sceptre. JOHNSON.

154. *This we prescribe, though no physician;* &c.] I must

I must make one remark, in general, on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture. POPE.

"This observation of Mr. Pope's," says Mr. Edwards, "happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, king Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection.

STEEVENS.

168. *When, Harry?*—] This obsolete exclamation of impatience is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613.

"Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,
"Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know them
"By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.

"*When,*

" *When, Iris?*

" *Iris.* I am gone."

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

" ——I'll cut off thy legs,

" If thou delay thy duty. *When*, proud John?"

STEEVENS.

165. ——*no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

168. ——*my fair name*, &c.] That is, *my name that lives on my grave* in *despight of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

171. ——*and* baffled *here*;] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: " *Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, woondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. ch. 3. st. 37; and B. VI. ch. 7. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. *ult.*

" Alas, poor fool; how have they baffled thee?"

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. act i. sc. 2.

" ——an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605: " ——chil be

abaffeled up and down the town, for a *messel*, *i. e.* for a *beggar*, or rather a *leper*. STEEVENS.

180. ——*that away*,

Men are but guilded loam, *or painted clay.*] In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this line is quoted with some variation:

"Men are but guilded *trunks*, or painted clay."

The first and all the subsequent quartos, however, have *loam*. Perhaps the editor of *England's Parnassus* quoted from a MS. His reading may be the true one. It was anciently the custom to bestow very costly ornaments on the outside of trunks. MALONE.

191. *Or with pale* beggar face——] *i. e.* with a face of supplication. WARBURTON.

——beggar *fear* is the reading of the first folio and one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

195. *The slavish* motive——] *Motive*, for instrument. WARBURTON.

Rather, that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

205. *Justice* decide——] The old copies concur in reading—*Justice* design. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which may be unnecessary. *Designo*, Lat. signifies *to mark out*, to point out: "Notat *designat* que oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum."

Cicero in Catilinam.

STEEVENS.

208. ——*the part I had*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

——*in Gloster's blood*] The three elder quartos read—*in* Woodstock's *blood*. STEEVENS.

249. ——*may I* complain *myself?*] To *complain* is commonly

commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables:

"Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhime *complain*
"The death of Richard with an arrow slain."

STEEVENS.

260. *A caitiff recreant*——] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἥμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δέλιον ἦμαρ.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations.

JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable.

TYRWHITT.

275. ——*unfurnish'd walls*,] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in* 1512. STEEVENS.

278. ———*Let him not come there,*
To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:]
Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

———let him not come there
To seek out sorrow——That dwells every where.

WHALLEY.

296. And *so*——] The old copies read, *As so*—

STEEVENS.

297. *Mowbray*,——] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first.

STEEVENS.

301. ——*his succeeding issue*,] Such is the reading of the first folio; the later editions read *my* issue. Mowbray's issue was by this accusation in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake: but the old reading is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldest quartos read *my*. STEEVENS.

356. ——waxen *coat*,] *Waxen* may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible, as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

Waxen coat.] The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. HENLEY.

357. *And* furbish——] Thus the quarto 1615. The folio reads—*furnish*. Either word will do, as to

furnish,

furnish, in the time of Shakspere, signified to *dress*. So, twice, in *As You Like It*:—"*furnished* like a huntsman." "——*furnished* like a beggar." STEEVENS.

373. *This* feast *of battle*——] "War is death's *feast*," is a proverbial saying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

376. *As gentle, and as jocund, as to* jest,] *To jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus, in *Hieronymo*:

"He promised us in honour of our guest,
"To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

And accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI*.

"——as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in *jest* by counterfeited actors."

TOLLET.

399. ——*has thrown his* warder *down*.] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. I.

"When lo, the king suddenly chang'd his mind,
"Casts down his *warder* to arrest them there."

STEEVENS.

407. *With that dear blood* which it hath fostered;] The quartos read:

"With that dear blood *which* it hath *been* foster'd."

I believe the author wrote,

"With that dear blood *with* which it hath been foster'd." MALONE.

409. ——*civil wounds* plough'd *up with neighbour's* swords;] The prophets Isaiah and Micah describe the blessings of peace under the figure of *beating* swords *into* plough-*shares*; whilst Joel, for the contrary purpose, makes the opposite change, as the poet, in this instance, appears to have done.

HENLEY.

410. [*And for we think, the eagle-winged pride*, &c.] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

413. *To wake our peace,*——

Which so rouz'd up——

Might fright fair peace,] *To wake peace* is *to introduce discord. Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

431. *The* fly-slow *hours*——] The old copies read: *The* sly *slow hours*. Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine. STEEVENS.

437. *A dearer merit, not so deep a maim*——

Have I deserved——] To *deserve* a *merit* is a phrase of which I know not any example, I wish some copy would exhibit,

A dearer mede, *and not so deep a maim.*—

To deserve a mede or *reward*, is regular and easy.

JOHNSON.

455. ——*compassionate*;] for *plaintive*.

WARBURTON.

462. *(Our part*, &c.] It is a question much debated

bated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

474. *Norfolk—so far*, &c.] The first folio reads *fare*; the second *farre*. REMARKS.

——*so* fare, *as to mine enemy*;—] *i. e.* he only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well, as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c. REMARKS.

477. ——*this frail sepulchre of our flesh*,] So, afterwards:

———thou king Richard's *tomb*,
And not king Richard.———

And Milton, in *Sampson Agonistes*:

"*Myself* my *sepulchre* a *moving grave*." HENLEY.

488. ——*all the world's my way*.] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

"The world was all before them where to choose
"Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

JOHNSON.

509. *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration,

that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

520. *O, had it been a stranger,——*] This couplet is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

526. *A partial slander——*] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, is arbitrarily placed by the modern editors at the conclusion of Gaunt's speech. In the three oldest quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which seems copied from the folio, the passage is omitted. STEEVENS.

549. Boling. *Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make*] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it, "*spirat tragicum satis:*" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

555. *——journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most

most of the other single copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

556. *All places that the eye of heaven visits*, &c.] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored, were expunged in the revision by the author: if these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

570. —*the presence strow'd*;] Shakspere has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*. HENLEY.

575. *Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand*, &c.] It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:——"Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstuans, cùm vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit, se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates." The *Tusculan Questions of Cicero* had been translated early enough for Shakspere to have seen them. STEEVENS.

By departing from the spelling of the copy, the metre is defective. The quarto of 1615 reads:

"O who can hold a *fier* in his hand——"

Fier

Fier being written, and probably pronounced, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

590. ——*yet a true-born Englishman.*] Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 12. ——AT *the* close,] This I suppose to be a musical term. So, in *Lingua*, 1607:

"I dare engage my ears, the *close* will jar."

STEEVENS.

19. *Lascivious* meeters;——] I believe we should read *metres* for *verses*. Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in the first part of *King Henry IV.*

"——one of these same *meeter* ballad-mongers."

Venom'd sound agrees well with *lascivious ditties*; but not so commodiously with *one who meets another*; in which

which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

21. *Report of fashions in proud Italy*;] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspere's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

28. *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

29. ——*whose way himself will choose*;] Do not attempt to *guide him who*, whatever thou shalt say, *will take his own course.* JOHNSON.

33. ——*rash*——] That is, *hasty, violent.* JOHNSON.

44. *Against infection*,——] I suppose Shakspere meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence.* JOHNSON.

Against infection, *and the hand of war*;] In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted. "Against *intestion*," &c. perhaps the word might be *infestion*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

49. —*less happier lands*;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *less happy.* I believe Shakspere, from the habit of saying *more happier*, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier.* JOHNSON.

52. *Fear'd* for *their breed, and famous* by *their birth*,] The

The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* for *their birth.*

The second quarto, in 1615,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth.*

The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:

———————*royal kings,*
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Christian service, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the sepulchre. JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1608, has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

"Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *by* their birth," is the reading of the first quarto 1597. The first folio reads—*for* their birth. Mr. Rowe first introduced the reading—*for* their breed. MALONE.

64. *With inky* blots,—] I suspect that our author wrote—inky *bolts*. How can blots bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with bonds? STEEVENS.

———————*rotten parchment bonds*;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

114. *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law*;] *State of law*, i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *state o'er law*, i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. A doctrine which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, king James's. By *bond-slave to the law*, the poet means, his being enslaved to his *favourite* subjects.

WARBURTON.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakspere's political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties* to farm *thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art* now no longer king but landlord of England, *subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords*; *by making thy condition* a state of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate*, thou art become a bond-slave to the law; *thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt*.

Whether this interpretation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bond-slave to the law*, is not true. JOHNSON.

It was before said, that *England* was *bound in with inky blots* (or *bolts*) and *parchment bonds*; Gaunt again resumes the same kind of figures, representing his nephew as no longer *king*, but *landlord* of England, and, in this capacity, amenable to those very laws, which

which had derived their coërcion from himself, in the other. HENLEY.

116. —*lean witted*—] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

" ——and sent *leanness withal into their soul.*"

STEEVENS.

134. *And thy unkindness be like* crooked *age,*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Thus stand these lines in all the copies; but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be said to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping?* I suppose the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindness be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once———

That is, *let thy unkindness* be Time's scythe *to crop.*

Edge was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake, once admitted, made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakspere, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *sickle* as well as a *scythe.* A *sickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook.* So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

" The regall king and *crooked* clowne
" All one alike death driveth downe."

So, in the 100th sonnet of Shakspere:

" Give

"Give me, my love, fame, faster than Time wastes life,

"So thou prevent'st his scythe and *crooked knife*."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

"Within his *bending sickle*'s compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed on age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked age*."

Locrine has been attributed to Shakspere; and in this passage quoted from it, no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. Our poet's expressions are sometimes abortive. STEEVENS.

139. *Love they*——] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

159. ——*where no venom else*,] This alludes to a tradition, that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630:

"————that Irish Judas,

"Bred in a country where *no venom* prospers,

"But in his blood."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"As Irish earth doth *poison poisonous* beasts." STEEVENS.

169. *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, &c.] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he

was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

207. ——*deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuse* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

269. *And yet we* strike *not*, &c.] To *strike* the *sails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

283. ——*duke of Exeter*;] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet had made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though, according to Holinshed, whom Shakspere followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those embarked with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the duke of Exeter*, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being *uncle* to the young lord, though Shakspere by mistake calls him his *brother*. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which

which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakspere would omit so principal a personage in his historian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost, in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place. STEEVENS.

284. ——*archbishop* late *of Canterbury*,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury. STEEVENS.

294. *Imp out*——] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607,

"His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings."

So, in *Albumazar*, 1615,

"——————when we desire
"Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
"And when we wish him stay, he *imps his wings*
"With feathers plum'd with thought."

Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to* ympe *a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed*. STEEVENS.

305. ——life-harming *heaviness,*] Thus the quarto, 1599. The quartos 1608 and 1615—*halfe*-harming; the folio—*self*-harming. STEEVENS.

313. ——————*my inward soul*
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves.]
I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence.
STEEVENS.

320. *Like perspectives, which,* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form:——————] Dr. Plott's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures, upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture, which, he was told, was made thus. The board being indented [or furrowed with a plough-plane], the print, or painting, was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print, or painting, exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

So, in *Hentzner*, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis, effigies primo intuito monstrosum quid repræsentans, sed si——————recta intueatur, tum vera deprænditur." FARMER.

The *perspectives* here mentioned were not pictures, but round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was

was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These crystals —which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet:

Each substance of a grief hath twenty *shadows*,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but *shadows*
Of what it is not, &c.

The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. Though the latter sense be now the more common, yet Mrs. Smith, in her *Sonnet to the Moon*, has lately employed it in the former:

"Queen of the silver bow, by thy pale beam,
"Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
"And watch thy *shadow* trembling in the stream,
"Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way."

This impropriety of applying *shadow* to the reflection

of a *luminous object*, might be avoided by the substitution of *semblance* in its stead. HENLEY.

338. *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:]
With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is still derived from* some antecedent cause, *some fore-father grief*; but with me the case is, that *either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause hath produced a fancied grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit.* This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Not *something hath the nothing which I grieve*:

That is, *my grief is not conceit*; *conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief, without a real cause*; not *a real cause with a fanciful sorrow.* This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

The queen tells Bushy that her grief is not conceit, because there cannot be conceit, *i. e. conception*, without some FORE-*father*; whereas her's, though *real*, is begotten by the *anticipation only* of evil, which evil, should it not come to pass, would indeed be *nothing*; but is notwithstanding the cause of grief to her, and has its own origin in reality. Conformably to this she afterwards tells Green,

"——thou

" ———thou art the *midwife* of my woe,
" And Bolingbroke my *sorrow*'s dismal *heir*."
HENLEY.

340. *'Tis in reversion that I do possess*;
But what it is, that is not yet known; &c.] I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain: To *possess a man*, is, in Shakspere, to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend*. To *be possessed*, is *to be fully informed*. Of this sense the examples are numerous:

" I have *possest* him my most stay can be but short." *Measure for Measure*.

" He is *possest* what sum you need."
Merchant of Venice.

I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

'Tis in reversion—that I do possess.——
The event is yet in futurity——that I know with full conviction—*but what it is, that is not yet known*. In any other interpretation she must say, that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

348. ——*might have* retir'd *his power*,] Might have *drawn it back*. A French sense. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Each one by him enforc'd *retires* his ward."
MALONE.

366. ——*my sorrow's dismal heir*:] The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that

that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

381. *Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:*] This line is found in three of the quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

395. *Get thee to Plashy,——*] The lordship of Plashy was a town of the dutchess of Gloster's in Essex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

399. *To-day, I came by, and* call'd *there;——but I Shall grieve you—*] So former editions. The first quarto 1597, reads—*as* I came by, and called there. The word *as* was accidentally omitted in the second quarto, and the subsequent copies. The passage should be regulated thus:

To-day as I came by, and called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

MALONE.

406. *—untruth——*] That is, *disloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

410. *Come, sister——cousin, I would say;——*] This is one of Shakspere's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. STEEVENS.

423. *And meet me presently at Berkley*, gentlemen.] The folio reads,

"————*Gentlemen*, go muster up your men,
"And meet me presently at Berkley *castle.*"

In the quartos the word *castle* is wanting. MALONE.

460. *And yet* your *fair discourse——*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads——*our* fair discourse. MALONE.

469. *And hope to joy,——*] To *joy* is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of *Hen. IV.* "Poor fellow never *joy'd* since the price of oats rose." Again, in *King Henry V.*

"I do at this hour *joy* o'er myself."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II.

"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne——"

MALONE.

525. *My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;*] As this line is printed, the sense is obscure. It would be clearer thus:

"My lord, my answer is——to Lancaster."

Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford.* My answer—It is not to him; it is to the duke of *Lancaster.* MALONE.

530. *To* raze *one title of your honour* out:] "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could shew at large." *Camden's Remains*, p. 136. edit. 1605. MALONE.

532. *From the most glorious of this land,*] The first quarto, 1597, reads:

From the most glorious *regent* of this land.

The word *regent* was accidentally omitted in the quarto 1598, which was followed by all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

534. ——*the* absent *time,*] He means, *time of the king's absence.* JOHNSON.

547.

547. *But more than why*—] This seems to be wrong. We might read,

But more than this; *why*, &c. TYRWHITT.

"But *more than why*" is the reading of the second quarto, which was followed by the subsequent copies. The first quarto, 1597, reads,—"But *then more why*;" which, though a singular expression, is, I believe, the true reading. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

"*Grace* me no grace, nor *unkle* me no *unkle*."

MALONE.

550. *And ostentation of* despised *arms?*] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read,

———disposed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array.

WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despightful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right.

JOHNSON.

So, in this play,

"We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears."

STEEVENS.

562. On *what condition*—] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's

York's reply confirms Dr. Johnson's conjecture,

"Even *in* condition," &c. MALONE.

571. *Look on my wrongs with an* indifferent *eye:*] *i. e.* with an *impartial eye.* "Every juryman," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial and *indifferent.*" MALONE.

577. ——*Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

Scene IV.] Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspere's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspere's time, broken into acts; the two editions, published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratick, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

634. *The bay-trees,* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in T. Haywarde's *Life*

Life and Raigne of Henry IV. 1599: "This yeare the *laurel-trees* withered almost throughout the realm," &c.

So again, in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, *old baie trees* withered," &c. STEEVENS.

The *bay-trees* in our country *all are* wither'd,] This transposition was made probably by mere accident in the second quarto. The first, in 1597, reads—*are all* wither'd. MALONE.

641. ——*the death of kings*——] "The death *or fall* of kings" is the reading of the first quarto, 1597. The words, *or fall*, were accidentally omitted in the second quarto, and all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 23. DISPARK'D *my parks*,——] To *dispark*, is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio.* I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. STEEVENS.

24. *From mine own windows torn my household coat*,] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

25. *Raz'd out my impress*, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, observes,

observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

Scene II.] Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHNSON.

71. *Fear not, my lord,* &c.] Of this speech the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scenes, for they are worthy of the author, and suitable to the personage. JOHNSON.

75. *And we* would *not heaven's offer,*—] This is an arbitrary alteration made by the editor or printer of the quarto 1615. The quarto 1597, and the first folio (the most authentick copies of this play) read—And we *will* not,—I would rather point thus:

"————else, if heaven would
"And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
"The proffer'd means of succour and redress."
MALONE.

82. *Behind the globe,* &c.] The reading of the old copies is,

"That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
"Behind the globe, *that* lights the lower world."

A slight transposition will restore the sense without changing a word:

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe,
Then, &c.

By *the lower world,* we must understand, I sup-

pose, the *Antipodes*. But *the lower world* may signify *our world*. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal, greeting,
"*To the under generation*." MALONE.

That this is the sense of the passage, is obvious from the king's application of the simile:——

"So, when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke—
"Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
"Whilst we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*—
"Shall see us rising in our throne the east," &c.
HENLEY.

100. *The breath of worldly men*——] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of King James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish.
JOHNSON.

129. *Is not the king's name forty thousand names?*] Thus in *Richard III.*

"Besides the king's name is a tower of strength."

See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind. vol. ii. p. 199. 4to. Gr. S. W.

138. *Mine ear is open*, &c.] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity, we

saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

159. ——*and* clasp *their female joints*] All the old copies read—*clap* their female joints. The alteration was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

161. *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms," &c. "so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that *the bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

162. *Of double-fatal yew*——] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death; therefore *double-fatal* should be with a hyphen. WARBURTON.

167. *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? What is become of Bushy? where is Green?*] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judases. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says: *Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?* So that Bagot ought to to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him, in the second act, determining to do:

Bagot. *No: I'll to Ireland, to his majesty.*

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness

and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded?* THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got?* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspere. JOHNSON.

185. ——*grav'd*, &c.] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to Shakspere. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iii. fol. 58:

"Unto the hound, unto the raven,

"She was none otherwise *graven*." STEEVENS.

198. *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* here, as he frequently does elsewhere, for *part, portion.* WARBURTON.

He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorise. JOHNSON.

199. *Which serves as paste*, &c.] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*.

JOHNSON.

203. ——*the ghosts they have* depos'd;] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, substituted *dispossess'd*.

STEEVENS.

207. —*there the antic sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

218. *Tradition,*———] This word seems here used for *traditional practices:* that is, *established* or *customary homage.* JOHNSON.

223. *My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,*] Thus the folio. The quartos 1598, 1608, 1615, read:

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and *wail their woes.*

STEEVENS.

229. ———*death destroying death;*] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. JOHNSON.

253. ——*I'll hate him everlastingly,*

That bids me be of comfort———] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

258. *To* ear *the land*——] *i. e.* to *plough* it.

STEEVENS

266. *Flint castle.*] In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle, on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and

Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle.

"——Go to Flint castle." See above.

STEEVENS.

280. *For taking so the head,*——] To *take* the *head* is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give* the horse *his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

280. ——the *whole head's length.*] The old copies read,

——*your* whole head's length. MALONE.

293. *And with him lord Aumerle,*——] The first quarto, 1597, reads,

And with him *are the* lord, &c.

The words printed in Italicks appear to have been accidentally omitted in the quarto 1598, which was followed by the succeeding copies. MALONE.

328. *See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,*] The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct, and disculp the king's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are, in all the copies, given to York. STEEVENS.

359. ——*he is come to ope*

The purple *testament of bleeding war*;] I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour.

favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

361. *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;]
The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2. "—opening the cherry of her lips," *i. e.* her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "——the sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*."

Again, Drayton, in Mortimer's *Epistle to Queen Isabell*:

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,
"And march upon fair England's *flowery breast*."
STEEVENS.

The words *face* and *peace* have, perhaps, changed places. We might read:

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's *peace*;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale *face*
To scarlet indignation——

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner.

In *K. Richard III.* we have:

"That would with treason wound this fair *land's peace.*" MALONE.

402. *With words of sooth!*——] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true.* In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth.* JOHNSON.

415. *My gay apparel,* &c.] Dr. Grey observes, "that king Richard's expence in regard to dress was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that "he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valowed at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

421. *Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,*
Some way of common trade,] So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of *Virgil's Ænied:*

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
"A *common trade,* to pass through Priam's house."

"Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et *pervius usus,*
"Tectorum inter se Priami."——

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffick.*" Shakspere uses the word in the same sense in *K Henry VIII.*

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments." STEEVENS.

423. ——*on their sovereign's head:*] Shakspere is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had

Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

437. ——*you* mock *at me.*] The quartos read—*laugh.* STEEVENS

441. ——*Bolingbroke says—Ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspere's word, rhimed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v. TYRWHITT.

442. ——*base court*——] *Bas cour*, Fr. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "——they were, for a publick observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "——began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words." STEEVENS.

488. *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading,

Of sorrow, or of grief.

Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

501. *And I could weep,—*] The old copies read,

And I could sing. STEEVENS.

507. *Against a change; woe is fore-run with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that

that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

521. ———our *firm state?*] How could he say *our*, when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm? we should read:

———a *firm state.* WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued, in favour of his own conjecture. STEEVENS.

All the authentick copies read,—our firm *estate.* MALONE.

544. *Their fruits of duty.* All *superfluous branches*] *All*, which is not in any of the authentick copies, was an arbitrary addition made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

547. *Which waste* and *idle hours*—] So, the folio. The reading of the quartos appears to me preferable:

Which waste *of* idle hours — MALONE.

550. *'Tis* doubt, *he will be:*——] The reading of the folio is, perhaps, better:

'Tis *doubted*, he will be. MALONE.

553. *Oh, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!*] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons,

persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach.

MALONE.

555. *How dares thy harsh tongue*——] The old copies read—"Thy harsh *rude* tongue." The passage, I believe, ought to be regulated differently:

That tell black tidings.

Qu. Oh, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

Our author has again the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"What have I done that thou *dar'st* wag thy *tongue*,
"In noise so *rude* against me?"

Perhaps a word or two has been lost. We might read—"Set to dress *out* this garden, *say*, how dares, &c." It is always safer to add than to omit.

MALONE.

582. *I would, the plants*, &c.] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Perhaps (for Shakspere's highest or lowest characters are never without a quibble) she means to wish him childless. REMARKS.

ACT IV.

Line 5. ——*His* timeless *end.*] *Timeless* for *untimely.* WARBURTON.

22. ——*my fair* stars,] The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes *stars* for *birth.* JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,*" &c. Lib. i. cap. 8. ANONYMOUS.

27. *That marks thee out for hell*; *Thou liest*, and
I *will maintain*, &c.] We should read with the first quarto, 1597:

That mark'st thee out for hell; *I say*, thou liest,
And will maintain, &c.

The words, *I say*, were inadvertently omitted in the quarto, 1598, and all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

34. *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and

and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

42. ———the *day*.] The quarto, 1597, reads *that* day. MALONE.

53. *I take* the earth *to the like*, &c.] This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth*, I suppose we should read, *thy oath*. JOHNSON.

—*take the earth*——] To *take the earth* is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"I'll follow him until he *take the earth*."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. c. 16. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth*. The quartos, 1598, 1608, and 1615, have the same reading, except *task* instead of *take*.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto, 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "—untraded *oath*," it gives "—untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

I task thy heart *to the like*,———

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *King Henry IV.* act v. sc. 2.

"How shew'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?" STEEVENS.

56. *From sin to sin:*——] So the quartos. I suspect we should read: *From sun to sun*; i. e. from one day to another. STEEVENS.

Surely this ingenious emendation is entitled to a place in the text.——Is not, however, the meaning rather, from *sun-rise* to *sun-set?* MALONE.

However ingenious the conjecture of Mr. Steevens may be, I think the old reading the true one. *From sin to sin*, is from one denial to another; for these denials were severally maintained to be *lies*. HENLEY.

76. *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth:*

"———or be alive again,
"And dare me to the desert with thy sword."
JOHNSON.

80. ——*in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

86.

86. ——*here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down *a hood* that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

127. Shakspere has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience), is preserved. The politicks of the historian were the politicks of the poet. STEEVENS.

151. *Lest* children's children——] The old copies read:

Lest child, child's children. STEEVENS.

155. ——*his day of trial.*—] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608, for the use of which I am indebted to the reverend Mr. Bowle, of Idemestone, Wiltshire. STEEVENS.

157. *Fetch hither Richard,* &c.] The quartos add this to the preceeding speech of Northumberland. STEEVENS.

168. ——*my* knee:—] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:

——*my* limbs. STEEVENS.

171. *The favours,* &c.] The *countenances*; the *features.* JOHNSON.

188. *The emptier ever dancing*——] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket.

JOHNSON.

198. *My care is—loss of care, by old care done*;] Shakspere often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed*. JOHNSON.

209. ——*my balm*,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

212. ——*all* duteous oaths:] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read—*all* duties, rites. STEEVENS.

217. ——*are* made *to thee!*] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read—that swear *to thee*. STEEVENS.

235. ——*If thou would'st*,] That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds.

JOHNSON.

249. ——*a sort*——] A *pack*, a *company*.

WARBURTON.

254. ——a sovereign, *a slave*;] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read,

——and sovereignty *a slave*. STEEVENS.

The first folio agrees with the quartos, except that it reads—*a* sovereignty. "A *sovereign*" is an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio.

There

There is surely no need to depart from the reading of the quarto. To make *sovereignty* a *slave*, is as proper an expression, as to make *majesty* a *subject*, or *state* a *peasant*. MALONE.

257. ——*haught*,———] i. e. *haughty*. Instances of the use of this word are given in another place. STEEVENS.

259. *No, not that name was given me at the font*—] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspere meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

322. ———*Conveyers are you all*,] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey *the wise it call*; and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king*. JOHNSON.

324. *On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down*
Our coronation; *lords, prepare yourselves*.] The first quarto, 1598, reads,

"Let it be so: and lo on Wednesday next
"We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
"Lords, be ready all." STEEVENS.

328. —*as sharp to them as thorn*.] This pathetick denunciation shews that Shakspere intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the deposal of Richard. JOHNSON.

333. *To bury*————] To *conceal*, to *keep secret*.
JOHNSON.

338. In the first edition there is no personal appearance of king Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards.
JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 2. *To Julius Cæsar's*, &c.] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

5. *Here let us rest, if*, &c.] So Milton:

"*Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.*"
JOHNSON.

11. *Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand*;] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says:

Ah, thou the model, &c.
Thou map of honour;

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

13. ——*beauteous* inn,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.

16. *Join not with grief*,——] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own

own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

20. *I am sworn brother,——*

To grim necessity;——] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

43. ——*to quit their grief*,] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

46. *For why*,———] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

80. ——*Hollowmas*,——] *All-hallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

84. *That were some love*, &c.] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

88. *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'*.] To be *never the nigher*, or, as is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the near*, is to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

95. ————*and* dumbly *part*;—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, ————*and* doubly *part*. STEEVENS.

128. *Are idly bent*———] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

145. Aumerle *that was*;] The dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were

allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. STEEVENS.

151. *That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?*] So Milton, in one of his songs:

"————who from her *green lap* throws
"The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

STEEVENS.

154. —*bear you well*—] That is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

161. *Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.*] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

After what Dr. Johnson has said, I am almost afraid to offer a conjecture. Yet, I believe, Shakspere wrote:

Boy, let me see the writing.

York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

172. *For gay apparel, against the triumph.*] The reading of the first quarto, 1597, appears to me preferable:

For gay apparel against the triumph *day*.

The latter word was accidentally omitted in the quarto 1598, and all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

233. *Inquire at London*, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to

to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood.

238. While *he*,——] All the old copies read: Which *he*. STEEVENS.

245. ——*pluck a* glove,] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, Lamia, the strumpet, says,

"Who loves me once is lymed to my heast:
"My colour some, and some shall wear my *glove*."

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

"Or shall I undertake some martial sport
"Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
"And tell how many gallants I unhors'd."

STEEVENS.

249. *I see some* sparkles *of a better hope*,] The folio reads,

——sparks *of better hope*.

The quarto 1615:

——sparkles *of better hope*. STEEVENS.

268. *My liege, beware*;——] From the defect of the metre, I suspect that the word *beware* has been accidentally omitted at the end of the line:

"My liege, beware; look to thyself, *beware*;
"Thou hast a traitor in the presence there."

MALONE.

291. *Thou sheer, immaculate*, &c.] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 2.

"Who

" Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*
" Her face," &c.

Again, B. III. c. 11.

" That she at last came to a fountain *shere*."

Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin.

STEEVENS.

294. *Thy overflow of good converts* to *bad*;] The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy son*; and that same abundant goodness *in thee* shall excuse *his* transgression. TYRWHITT.

296. ———digressing *son*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Digressing* from the valour of a man."

To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular.

STEEVENS.

310. ——*the Beggar and the King*.—] *The King and Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612, 12mo. where it is entitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

" Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing
" The story of a *Beggar and the King*." STEEVENS.

324. ——kneel *upon my knees,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,

——walk *upon my knees.* STEEVENS.

330. *Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!*] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

351. ——*Pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

356. *The* chopping *French*——] *Chopping*, I believe, means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen. I do not remember to have met with the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

"How now! how now! *chop logick?*" MALONE.

372. *But for our trusty brother-in-law—and the abbot,*] The brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry of Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

379. ——*too,*—] Added by Mr. Theobald for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

402. *And these same thoughts people* this little world;] *i. e.* his own frame;—"the state of man," which in *Julius Cæsar* is said to be "like to a *little kingdom.*" So, also, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"Storming

"Storming my *world* with sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—Strives in this *little world* of *man* to out-run
"The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

MALONE.

406. ——*the* word *itself*
Against the word:] Thus the quartos, except that they read *thy* word. By the *word* I suppose is meant the *holy word*. The folio reads,

——*the* faith *itself*
Against the faith. STEEVENS.

The first quarto, 1597, reads—*the* word. MALONE.

424. ——*in one* person,—] All the old copies, except the quarto, 1597, read, in one *prison*. MALONE.

439. *To* hear——] One of the quartos reads—to *check*. STEEVENS.

443. *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:*] There appears to be no reason for supposing, with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of the graduated circle is supplied by a succession of tears,

tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: his clamorous groans, are the sounds that tell the hour.

In *Henry IV.* Part II. tears are used in a similar manner:

"But Harry lives that shall convert those *tears*,
"By number, into *hours* of happiness."

HENLEY.

444. ———*with sighs, they jar*
Their watches, &c.] I think this expression must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads,

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The quarto 1608,

My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The first folio agrees with the third quarto, which reads,

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighes they jarre,
There *watches to mine eyes the outward watch.*

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
The watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto, &c. JOHNSON.

The first quarto 1597, and the first folio, read,

Their watches *on* unto mine eyes. MALONE.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup:* therefore neither the gentleman who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour:* "——he looks like one of these *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently signified a *puppet*. Again, in his *Sejanus:*

"Observe him, as his *watch* observes his *clock*."

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"I love thee not a *jar* o'the clock behind," &c.

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"——the minutes *jarring*, the clock striking."

STEEVENS.

448. *Now, sir*, &c.] Should we not read thus:

Now, sir, the *sounds* that *tell* what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, &c. REMARKS.

453. ——*his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in *King Richard the Third*. STEEVENS.

455.

455. *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] See *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. Part II. Sect. 2. REED.

459. ——*in this* all-hating *world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

——*and love to Richard*
Is a strange brooch *in this all-hating world.*

i. e. as strange and uncommon as a *brooch*, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the *brooch* and the tooth-pick, which wear not now." MALONE.

464. *Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog*] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad* man, and an honest," &c. STEEVENS.

477. *So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,

——as if he *had* disdain'd the ground. MALONE.

488. ——*by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. Ben Jonson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you say the word, send me to Jericho."

STEEVENS.

493.

493. ——*as thou* wert *wont to do.*] So, the folio, and the quarto 1615. The first quarto 1597, and the two subsequent copies, read,

——*art* wont to do. MALONE.

520. ——*of Salisbury, Spenser, Blunt, and Kent:*] The first quarto, 1597, reads,

——of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.

The others,

——of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent.

MALONE.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

HENRY IV.

PART I.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE FIRST PART OF *HENRY IV.*

THE transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald, earl Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown-Hill) which battle was fought on Holy-rood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspere founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspere has apparently design'd a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *Sons to the King.*
JOHN, *Duke of Lancaster,* }
Earl of Worcester.
Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

WOMEN.

Lady PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, Sister to Mortimer.*
Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*
QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain. Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants. &c.

SCENE, *England.*

The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspere has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry* IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster.* But all his sons ('till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court in London. Enter King HENRY, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Henry.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred——
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;

Which

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment belonging to the Prince. Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair.* And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not

not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false, already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest—sweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Enter POINS.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-Hill: There are pilgrims

pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? 249

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. 260

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed,

lieved, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And,

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord——

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to speak. [*To* NORTHUMB.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

Upon

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit King* HENRY.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then Proclaim

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility, and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,

To

To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,

That

That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:——
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot.

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:——
Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look—*when his infant fortune came to age*—
And—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin*—
O, the devil take such cozeners!——God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord—[*To* North.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewel:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)

I'll

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short!
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester. Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his Hand.

1 *Carrier.*

HEIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of ats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Chamb. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if

if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. —Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gads-Hill. Enter Prince HENRY, POINS, *and* PETO.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you

you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bard. What news?——

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant

arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* POINS *set upon them. They all run away; and* FALSTAFF, *after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind him.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle. Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a Letter.*

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake,*

undertake, is dangerous—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king:—we are prepared: I will set forward to night. 246

Enter

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?

Some

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tost with.
In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secresy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate? 329
Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me; and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying-scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action.

But, sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires.*

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r-lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not.

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord!

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerking, chrystal-button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which Way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Drawer.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his elo-

quence,

quence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow. 444

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound. 455

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good man-

hood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [*To* Poins.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of sack;—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [*He drinks.*

P. Henry.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man? 497

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them. 510

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them: I am a bunch of radish:

if

if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all-afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason? What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh!—

Fal.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done: and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward

coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are

lions

lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wer't taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou had'st fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago,

Act 2 HENRY IV *part* 1. Scene 4

Burney del.t Thornthwaite sculp.t

Mr. LEWIS in the PRINCE *of* WALES.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare bone!

London, Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Jan.y 18th 1786.

ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee? 667

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower! 679

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running? 691

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckow! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou will be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.——Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company

thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal.

Fal. 'Sblood my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith. 787

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? 803

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villanous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and

merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, than Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking*; *and Hostess and* BARDOLPH *go out.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rougue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, GADSHILL, *and* PETO; *manent Prince and* POINS.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not;

Sher. Indeed my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets.

[*He searches his Pockets, and finds certain Papers.*
What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot;

foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of BANGOR's *House in Wales. Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *Lord* MORTIMER, *and* OWEN GLENDOWER.

Mortimer.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer—and cousin Glendower—
Will you sit down?——
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,

The

The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am

I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales——
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map; shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order taken?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
[*To* GLENDOWER.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:

For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haste the writer) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A clip-

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me last night at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum—and well—
go to—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her—she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,

I am

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.
[*The Lady again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.
Glend. She bids you,
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh; And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not your's, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: and givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Presence-Chamber in Windsor. Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear—
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
Others would say—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,

To

To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

When

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough—through vassal fear,

Base

Base inclination, and the start of spleen——
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth today;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster:
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap. *Enter* FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church:—Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll mend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple: for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of your's with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it! 504

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks;

cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS, *marching; and* FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his Truncheon, like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John? why, an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast: love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.* Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bar. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they

they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph——

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.——
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince,* POINS, *and* BARD.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury. *Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

WELL said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,

Such

Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is

Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.
Hot. No harm: What more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry. Enter FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a souc'd gurnet. I have misus'd the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies

no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. 192

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury. *Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life
(And I dare well maintain it with my life),
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—

Let

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,

But

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot—
Which he confesseth to be manifold——
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently—as greatness knows itself——
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. The Archbishop's Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir MICHAEL.

York. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal;

This

This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir Mich. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
York. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael—
What with the sickness of Northumberland
(Whose power was in the first proportion),
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
York. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

And

And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us—
For he hath heard of our confederacy——
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewel, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury. Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, Lord* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Henry.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster——
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,

For

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes—
This present enterprize set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty——
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, we will set on them:

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King*, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit Prince* HENRY.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

HOTSPUR'S *Camp*. *Enter* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore,

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd;—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit* DOUGLAS.
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;

And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed!——And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,

Than

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury. The King entereth with his Power. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS, *and* BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, BLUNT *is slain. Enter* HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *and the Earl of* WESTMORELAND.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN, *and* WEST.

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in Danger, enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight*; DOUGLAS *flyeth.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.
K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Henry. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead.* PERCY *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:——
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for——— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the Ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and bye;
'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

FALSTAFF, *rising slowly.*

Fal. Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his Back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY, *and* JOHN *of* LANCASTER.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry.

KING HENRY 4th part 1st

Falstaff *Yea & I'll swear I Killed him*

Act 5. Scene 4.

de Loutherbourg del

Hall sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Jan.y 2. 1786.

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
Upon the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the Body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you. 452

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword. 463

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.——
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, Lord* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *Prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
I'll-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?
P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.
K. Henry. With all my heart.
P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
K. Henry. Then this remains—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

To

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself—and you, son Harry—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

END OF PART I.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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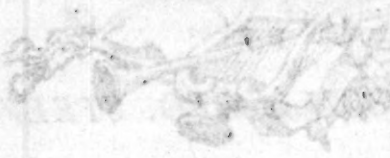

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

ACT I.

Line 2. *FIND we a time for frighted peace to pant,*
And breathe short-winded accents—] That is, let us suffer peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars.

JOHNSON.

5. The first quarto of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the quarto of 1639, all read:

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub *her lips with her own childrens' blood.*]

The folios of 1632 and 1664 read, by an apparent error of the press, *shall* damb *her lips*, from which the

latter editors have idly adopted *damp*. The old reading helps the editor no better than the new, nor can I satisfactorily reform the passage. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetch'd, and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. I would read:

——*the thirsty* entrants *of this soil*;

i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, spelt consequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakpere, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning.

By *her* lips Shakspere may mean *ths lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's conjecture is so likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It should be observed, that supposing these copies to have been made out by the ear (which there is great reason to believe was the case,) the transcriber might easily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the same sound, and he would naturally write a familiar instead of an unusual word.

A similar

A similar mistake has happened in the first scene of *King Henry* V. where we meet (in the first folio)

" With such a heady *currance* scowring faults—"

instead of——" With such a heady *current*, &c."

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elsewhere; but Shakspere has many of a similar formation. So in *K. Henry* VI. Part I.

" Here enter'd Pucelle, and her *practisants*."

Again, ibid.

" But when my angry *guardant* stood alone——."

Again, in *K. Lear:*

" Than twenty silly ducking *observants*——."

Again, ibid.

" *Conspirant* 'gainst this high illustrious prince."

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, uses *comedient* for a *writer of comedies*.

See also Skelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, vol. i. p. 296, ed. 1612:

" The *audients* of her sad storie felt great motions," &c.

Daub, the ancient reading, which Mr. Steevens has very properly restored, is strongly confirmed by a passage in *King Richard* II. where we again meet with the image presented here:

" For that our kingdom's *earth* should not be *soil'd*

" With that dear *blood*, with which it hath been foster'd." MALONE.

The thirsty entrance of the soil is nothing more or

less, than the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being personified it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shakspere. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the Baron wars. REMARKS.

That *damb*, not *daub*, was Shakspere's word, is evident from the similar application of it in the *Second Part of Henry* VI.

" Now will I *dam* up this thy yawning mouth,
" For swallowing the treasure of the realm."

The explanation given of *thirsty entrance*, by the author of the REMARKS, is also confirmed by the sense of these lines. HENLEY.

19. *As far as to the sepulchre*, &c.] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is by the laws of self-defence, lawful for man of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success.

JOHNSON.

22. ——*shall we* levy;] To *levy* a power of English

lish *as far* as to the sepulchre of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters.

STEEVENS.

30. *Therefore we meet not now*——] *i. e.* not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition.

MALONE.

33. ——*this dear* expedience.] For *expedition*.

WARBURTON.

35. *And many* limits——] *Limits* for *estimates*.

WARBURTON.

Limits, as the author of the Revisal observes, may mean, *out-lines*, *rough sketches* or *calculations*.

STEEVENS.

45. *By these Welshwomen done*,——] Thus Holinshed, p. 528: "——such shameful villainie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the *Welchwomen*; as the like (I doo believe) hath never or sildome been practised."

STEEVENS.

52. ——*the gallant* Hotspur *there*,

Young Harry Percy,——] Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 249, says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."

TOLLET.

53. ——*Archibald*,] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas.

STEEVENS.

64. *Stained with the variation of each soil*] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to *stand stained with travel.*" *K. Henry* IV. Part II. HENLEY.

69. *Balk'd in their own blood,*——] *Balk'd in their own blood*, I believe, means, lay in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118, observes: "The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures." In Leland's *Itenerary*, vol. v. p. 16. and 118. vol. vii. p. 10. a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. Mr. Pope in the *Iliad*, has the same thought:

"On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*.

"And thick'ning round them rise the *hills* of dead." TOLLET.

71. *Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son*
To beaten Douglas;——] Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "——and of prisoners, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas," &c. The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, make these words appear to be the description

description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the governor of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earle of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

73. ——*and Menteith.*] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the same person.

STEEVENS.

91. ——*the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

96. *Malevolent to you in all aspects;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

97.

97. *Which makes him* prune *himself,*——] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and *to plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

So in *Albumazar*, 1615:

" ———*prune* yourself sleek."———

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,
" And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

" Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so."

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the *Booke of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: " The hauke *praineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her feathers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." STEEVENS.

106. *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, " More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

112. ——*to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.*——] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: " Good

"Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspere makes the prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night.

STEEVENS.

122. ——Phœbus—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair.*] Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus, i. e.* the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, the *knight of the sun* in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakspere. This illustrious personage was "most excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to will discover. Perhaps the words "that wand'ring knight so fair" are part of some forgotten ballad, the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenides, *the wand'ring knight*, is a character.

STEEVENS.

132. ——*let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty*;] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day.

THEOBALD.

It

It is true, as Theobald has observed, that they could not steal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body squires to the night, i. e.* adorn the night, *be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procuress*: "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*."

Falstaff however puns on the word *knight*. See *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge, Esq. part i. p. 100.

STEEVENS.

133. *Diana's forresters*, &c.]

"Exile and slander are justly mee awarded,
"My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;
"And me their lord made *dame Diana's knight*."

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. HENDERSON.

144. ——*got with swearing*—lay by;—] *i. e.* swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. WARBURTON.

149 ——*And is not my hostess of the tavern*, &c.]

We

We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the *Mostellaria of Plautus*, act i. sc. ii.

" Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
" Nec quom me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.
Sca. " Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna fuit.
Phi. " Quid ea missis attinet ad meam lavationem?
Sca. " Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question.

STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Phillida* says: " It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

" *Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

" *Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose," &c.

Ben Jonson calls it *a game at vapours*. FARMER.

152. *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.*—] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epi-

logue to *The Second Part of Henry* IV where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say? "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt.*——The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying princess Catherine of France. The scene opens with prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion Shakspere might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his history of Henry the Fifth; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name.

THEOBALD.

152. ——*my old lad of the castle:*——] This alludes to the name, Shakspere first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name, he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was

this; one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry* IV. Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Old-castle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book iv. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspere wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to: we have a like instance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge.

WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *Henry* V. Sir John Old-castle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspere, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.

Old lad is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatick pieces.

So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Hervey's Hunt is up*, &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned.

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, 1593: "and here's a lusty *ladd of the Castell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death."

STEEVENS.

Old lad of the Castle, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*.——Meres reckons *Oliver of the Castle* amongst his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the Castell* with their rapping babble."—roaring boys——This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

——"Did you never see
"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?"

FARMER.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his *Worthies*, p. 255, the following passage: "Sir John Oldcastle was first made a *thrasonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make-sport in all plays for a *coward*." Speed, likewise, in his Chronicle, edit. ii. p. 178, says, "The author of the *Three Conversions* (*i. e.* Parsons the Jesuit), hath made *Oldcastle* a ruffian, a robber, and

and a rebel, and his authority, taken from the *stage players*, is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report, than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from the papist and the poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever feigning, and the other ever falsifying the truth. REMARKS.

From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walks in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle (not, I conceive, the lord Cobham) was represented on the stage as a very fat man.——"Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merry one too? and if you chaunce to taulke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his grandfather, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."——The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe." *Signior Kickshawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff (to which I do not give the smallest credit), seems to have been this: Shakspere appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of*

King Henry V. (which had been exhibited before 1589) in which there is a Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants*, &c. Our author probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in any respect, but thought proper to make Falstaff in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old *King Henry* V. *a mad round knave* also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry* IV. the old play in which this Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspere changed the name of his character.

Falstaff thus having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have crept, in some play-house copy, into

one

one of the speeches in *The Second Part of Henry* IV.

MALONE.

152. ——*And is not a* buff jerkin *a most sweet robe of* durance?] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked, that, the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff: So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench.*

JOHNSON.

The following passage from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look I have certain goblins *in buff jerkins*,
"Lye ambuscado."——— [*Enter Serjeants.*

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, act iv.

"A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,
"A fellow all in *buff*."

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *suit of durance*, was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says, "Where didst thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond?" &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd *canvas* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pandar." Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "As the taylor that

that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance*." STEEVENS.

183. *For obtaining of* suits?] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient Medley, bl. let.

"The broker hath gay cloaths to sell
"Which from the *hangman*'s budget fell."

STEEVENS.

The same quibble appears in *Hoffman*'s *Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*——very good apparel."

MALONE.

186. ———*a gib cat*,——] "As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. In a *Match at Midnight*, 1633, is the following passage: "They swell like a couple of *gib'd* cats, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*." I believe, after all, a *gib'd cat*, is a cat who has been qualified for the seraglio, for all animals so mutilated, become drowsy and melancholy. To *glib* has certainly that meaning. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. i.

"And I had rather *glib* myself than they
"Should not produce fair issue." STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's

grave's *French* one, says: "*Gibbe* is an *old he cat.*" Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and *glib'd*, or gelded ones, are duller than others. So we might read,

——*as melancholy as a* gib cat *or a* glib'd cat.

TOLLET.

189. ——*a hare,*——] A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.

JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

"——like your *melancholy hare*,
"Feed after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers."

STEEVENS.

190. ——*the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] This I do not understand, unless it may allude to the croaking of frogs.

JOHNSON.

I rather believe this to have been said in allusion to its sitution in respect of Moorgate the prison, and Bedlam the hospital. It appears likewise from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

In the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598, the clown

clown says: "I'll bring the Thames through the middle of the city, empty *Moor-ditch* at my own charge, and build up Paul's steeple without a collection."

So again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632: "I shall see thee in Ludgate again shortly." "Thou lyest again: 'twill be at *Moor-gate*, Beldame, where I shall see thee in the ditch, dancing in a cucking-stool." Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "——it will be a soarer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the scowring of *Moor-ditch*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "As touching the river, looke how *Moor-ditch* shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that, it stinks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black."

STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618:——"my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch, melancholy*."

MALONE.

192. ——*the most comparative*,——] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read, *incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced.

JOHNSON.

This

This epithet is used again in act iii. sc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

" ———stand the push
" Of every beardless vain *comparative.*"

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. ult. Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man, " Full of *comparisons* and wounding flouts." STEEVENS.

So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennyless*, 1593: " He took upon him to set his foot against me, and to over-crow me with *comparative* terms." MALONE.

202. *O, thou hast damnable* iteration:——] *Iteration* signified simply *citation* or *recitation.* So, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

" Here take this book, and peruse it well,
" The *iterating* of these lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing, reciting.* MALONE.

213. ——*and* baffle *me.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Richard* II. STEEVENS.

216. In former editions:

Fal. *Why, Hall, 'tis my vocation, Hall; 'tis no sin for man to labour in his vocation.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match.*] Mr. Pope has given us one single observation in his preface to our author's works: " Throughout his plays," says he, " had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker."

speaker." But how fallible the most sufficient critick may be, the passage in controversy is a main instance. As signal a blunder has escaped all the editors here, as any through the whole set of plays. Will any one persuade me, Shakspere could be guilty of such an inconsistency, as to make Poins, at his first entrance, want news of Gadshill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?——No; Falstaff, seeing Poins at hand, turns the stream of his discourse from the prince, and says, "Now shall we know, whether Gadshill has set a match for us;" and then immediately falls into railing and invectives against Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falstaff! and Poins, who knew well his abusive manner, seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has returned the prince's salutation, cries, by way of answer: "What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir Jack Sack-and-Sugar?" THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has fastened on an observation made by Mr. Pope, hyperbolical enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place; the speech, like a thousand others, not being so characteristick as to be infallibly applied to the speaker. Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abated by a confession, that the first edition gave him at least a glimpse of the emendation.

JOHNSON.

217. ——*no sin for a man to labour in his own vocation.*] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly

doubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus, chapter i.

"That the *vocation* of men hath been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and other that have treated of the Politique Government: Of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this worde *vocation*."

Again, chap. xv.

"*Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfully brooke and abide in the same:* and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force." STEEVENS.

218. ——*a match*——] Thus the quartos 1599, and 1608. The folio reads——*a watch*. STEEVENS.

The folio reads——have set a *watch*——which is, perhaps, right. The same expression occurs in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639:

"My *watch is set*——charge given——and all at peace."

In a subsequent scene when *Gadshill* enters, *Poins* says, "*O 'tis our* setter," *i. e.* whose business it was to *set a watch*, to observe what passengers should go by.

That a *watch* was *set* on those whom they intended to rob, appears from what *Poins* says afterwards: "*Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gadshill*, shall rob those men that we have already *way-laid*——."

The error in the first quarto, which was followed by the others, might have arisen from a *w* being used by the compositor intead of an *m*, a mistake that sometimes happens at the press. In the hand-writing of our author's time, the two letters are scarcely distinguishable.

In support, however, of the reading of the quartos, the following passage in *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, 1614, may be alledged: "Peace Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match*." Here the phrase seems to mean *making an appointment*. MALONE.

As no *watch* is afterwards set, I suppose *match* to be the true reading. STEEVENS.

273. ——All-hallown *summer!*] *All-hallows, is All-hallown-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. Shakspere's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "——the *Martlemas* your master." STEEVENS.

276. In former editions:

Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill, shall rob these men that we have already way-laid;] Thus we have two persons named, as characters in this play, that never were among the *dramatis personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second act we come to a scene of the highway. *Falstaff*, wanting his horse, calls out on *Hall, Poins, Bardolph*, and *Peto*. Presently *Gadshill* joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the prince says: *You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned*

Ned Poins and I will walk lower. So that the four to be concerned are *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gadshill*. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the prince and *Poins* afterwards rob these four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolph* for their running away, who confess the charge. It is not plain that *Bardolph* and *Peto* were two of the four robbers; and who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors. THEOBALD.

294. ——*for the nonce,*——] *i. e.* as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*.

TYRWHITT.

For the nonce is an expression in daily use amongst the common people of Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; *for the turn*. HENLEY.

305. ——*reproof*——] *Reproof*, is *confutation*.

JOHNSON.

308. ——*to-morrow night*——] I think we should read:———*to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a

second instance to prove that Shakspere could forget in the end of a scene what he had laid in the beginning. STEEVENS.

320. *If all the year were playing holidays,*
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,]
So, in our author's 52d sonnet:

"Therefore are *feasts* so solemn and so *rare*,
"Since *seldom coming* in the long year fet.
"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
"Or captain's jewels in the carkanet." MALONE.

327. ——*shall I falsify men's hopes;*] To *falsify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech," says Puttenham, "did the *tanner of Tamworth* use to king Edward IV. which *tanner* having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talk, at length perceiving by his train that it was the king, was afraid he should be punished for it, and said thus, with

with a certain rude repentance, I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow, for I *fear* me I shall be hanged; whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to see the *tanner's* vain *feare*, but also to hear his mishapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton Parke." FARMER.

338. *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] *i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakspere uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry V.* act v.

" Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is
not smooth."

Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, act i. scene vi.

" You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,
" To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

352. *The moody* frontier——] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: " Then on the edges of their bol-

ster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces," &c. STEEVENS.

369. ——*at harvest-home:*] *i. e.* a time of festivity. JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of *time of festivity*, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. *A chin new shaven* is compared to *a stubble-land at harvest home*, not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

As a *chin just shaven* is compared by Shakspere to a *new-reap'd stubble*, so the author of *Cælum Britannicum*, represents the *standing crop*, as the *beard* of the field:

" ——————you toyling hinds
" That *barbe* the fields.——" HENLEY.

372. *A pounce-box*——] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

375. *Took it in* snuff:——] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by E. Sharpham, 1610:

" Nay

"Nay be not angry, I do not touch thy nose, to the end that it should take any thing *in Snuff*." Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"———'tis enough,

"Having so much fool, *to take him in snuff*;"

and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidonoso*, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter so in snuff*," &c. STEEVENS.

380. *With many* holiday *and* lady *terms.*] So, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617: "These be but *holiday* terms, but if you heard her working day words."——Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"——he speaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

383. *I then, all smarting, with my wounds being* cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, &c.

I am persuaded therefore that Shakspere wrote and pointed it thus:

I then all smarting with my wounds; *being* gall'd

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c.

WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

I then

I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. From the following passage in the *Northern Lass*, 1633, it should seem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds:

"Is this a *parrot* or a *popinjay*?"

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. let. this bird is called "the *popyngejay* of paradyse." STEEVENS.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *Hist. of Edward III.* p. 786: "The esquire fought still, until the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and smart." TOLLET.

409. *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he said, so he unsay it now.] The construction is: "Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now." JOHNSON.

414. *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakspere has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as *Hotspur's brother-in-law*. In act ii. *lady Percy* expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in

in the third act, he calls *lady Percy his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistence may be accounted for as follows: It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to *lady Percy*, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, *uncle* to the former, and *brother to lady Percy*. Shakspere confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

421. ——*and indent with* fears,] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with *Mortimer*, is, because he supposed that *Mortimer* had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the Oxford editor has done. WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the king is not desired to *article* or *contract with Mortimer*, but with another *for Mortimer*. Perhaps we may read:

Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with *Worcester*, *Northumberland*, and young *Percy*, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours* and themselves? JOHNSON.

Shall we buy treason, and indent *with fears?*] This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto, B. xvi. st. 35.

"And

" And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,
" To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents."

Again, in the *Cruel Brother*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1630:

" ———Dost thou *indent*
" With my acceptance, make choice of services?"

Fears may be used in an active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

" ———all those bold *fears*,
" Thou seest with peril I have answered."

These lords, however, had as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible. STEEVENS.

I believe the word *fears* in this passage was intended by the poet to signify *confederates*; and, if so, the sense of the king's question will be: " Shall I covenant with one traitor for the ransom of another, when both are combined in treason, and their lives equally forfeit?"— In the unsettled state of orthography when Shakspere wrote, *feres*, *pheeres*, *phears*, *feers*, were but different modes of spelling the same word. HENLEY.

428. *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war;——] The king charged *Mortimer*, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted *Mortimer*. *Hotspur* replies, that he never fell off, *i. e.* fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

429.

429. ——*To prove that true,*
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds, &c.] This passage is of obscure construction. The later editors point it, as they understood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and only one tongue. This is harsh. I rather think it is a broken sentence. "To prove the loyalty of *Mortimer*," says *Hotspur*, "one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his loyalty, those mouthed wounds," &c. JOHNSON.

436. ——*three times did they drink*,] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst, the poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

438. *Who then, affrighted*, &c.] This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

440. ——*his* crisp *head*——] *Crisp* is *curled*. So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

"———methinks the river,
"As he steals by, *curls* up his head to view you."

So,

So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,
" That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,
" Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver *curls*,
" Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us!"

Perhaps Shakspere hath bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may seem to justify its propriety:

" Your corses were dissolv'd into the chrystal stream;
" Your *curls* to *curled* waves, which plainly still appear
" The same in *water* now that once in *locks* they were."

Beaumont and Fletcher, have the same image with Shakspere in the *Loyal Subject*:

" ———the Volga trembled at his terror,
" And hid his seven *curl'd heads*." STEEVENS.

442. *Never did* bare *and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *base*. I believe *bare* is right: " Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings." JOHNSON.

461. *Although it be with hazard*, &c.] So the first folio, and all the following editions. The quartos read,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head. JOHNSON.

477. ——*an eye of death,*] *i. e.* an eye menacing death. *Hotspur* seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,
"Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,
"And in his eyes the furies of his heart."

STEEVENS.

490. ——*my brother Edmund Mortimer*
Heir to the crown?] See Hall's Chronicle. *Henry IV.* p. 20. REMARKS.

511. ——*this* canker, *Bolingbroke?*] The *canker-rose* is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. STEEVENS.

518. ——*disdain'd*——] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

529. *On the unstedfast footing of a spear.*] *i. e.* of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

530. ——*sink or swim:*——] This is a very ancient proverbial expression. So, in the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 2399:

"Ne receth never, whether I *sink or flete.*"

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"He careth not who doth *sinke or swimme.*"

STEEVENS

537. *By heaven, methinks, &c.*] This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with

ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts.

JOHNSON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright's poem, *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting*. Edit. 1651, p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,
"By Jove 'tis thou must leap or none,
"To *pull bright honour from the moon.*"

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakspere, which I partly suspect. Stoke's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641. WARTON.

In the *Knight of the burning Pestle*, Beaumont and Fletcher have put this speech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*. I suppose a ridicule on Hotspur was designed.

STEEVENS

544. *Put out upon this* half-fac'd fellowship!] I think this finely expressed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, so as to stand before him with a side face; which implied neither a full consorting, nor a separation. WARBURTON.

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes

ludes rather to dress. A coat is said to be *faced*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then "partnership but half adorned, partnership which yet wants half the shew of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*.

So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half-face* he would have all my land—
"A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"

I find the same phrase in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593:——"——with all other odd ends of your *half-fac'd* English." MALONE.

545. *a world of* figures *here*,] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

567. ——*I solemnly* defy,] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. STEEVENS.

569. *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales*,] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a swash buckler. In this sense *sword and buckler* is used here. JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.——"This field, commonly called West-Smithfield, was for many years

called Ruffians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his sword."

HENLEY.

572. ——*poison'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum* 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns. STEEVENS.

575. *Why, what a wasp*-stung *and impatient fool*] Thus the quarto 1598; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads,—*wasp*-tongued. That Shakspere knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth may be learned from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.

"——is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of wasps*."

STEEVENS.

591. ——*infant fortune came to age*—] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard*, act ii. sc. 3. JOHNSON.

593. ——*the devil take such* cozeners!——] So, in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

"Come pretty *cousin*, *cozened* by grim death."

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——————————*cousin*,

"*Cozen* thyself no more."

Again,

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To see my *cousin cozen'd* in this sort."

STEEVENS.

611. ——*I speak not this in* estimation,] *Estimation* for conjecture. WARBURTON.

617. ——*let'st slip.*] To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

624.—*by raising of* a head:] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

626. *The king will always*, &c.] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 2.——CHARLES' *wain*——] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Chorls wain* (Sax. ceorl a countryman.) REMARKS.

5. Cut's *saddle*,——] *Cut* is the name of a horse in

the *Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and I suppose was a common one. STEEVENS.

7. ——*out of all cess.*] means *out of all measure*, and is taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cess*. WARBURTON.

8. ——*as* dank——] i. e. *damp*. In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleanser thereof should "at least twice a quarter, with clean cloths, strike away the dust and *moulding* of the books, which will not then continue long with it, now it proceedeth chiefly of the newness of the forrels, which in time will be less and less *dankish*. *Reliquiæ Bodlianæ*, p. 111." REED.

9. ——*bots:*] Are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces. STEEVENS.

15. ——*I am stung like a* tench.] Why like a *tench*? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the *tench*, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

21. ——*like a* loach.] Perhaps the Carrier means to say: fleas as big as a *loach*, i. e. *resembling* the fish so called, in size. The *loach*, though small in itself, is large if brought into comparison with a *flea*.

Loaches,

Loaches, which are now only used as baits for other fish, were anciently swallowed in wine as an act of topers' dexterity. So, *Sir Harry Wildair:* "—swallow Cupids like *loaches*." STEEVENS.

A loach is a small fish, which spawns very plentifully several times in a year. So, in a poem by Sir James Lindsay, in praise of Scotland, about 1550:

"The rich rivers pleasand and profitabill,

"The *lusty lochies* with fische of sundry kyndes."

They are taken in great abundance in the rivulets on the Wiltshire Downs, particularly about Amesbury where it is still usual to swallow them alive in a glass of wine. WHALLEY.

The allusion is doubtless to the above *fish*, and Mr. Steevens in the course of his extensive researches, may one day find, that it either has, or was formerly supposed to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance. Dr. Warburton's explanation, if it may be so miscalled, is almost too absurd to deserve contradiction. The Scotch or Irish word *loch*, a lake, is a hard guttural sound, which we have softened into *lough:* e. g. *lough* (vulgariter *lop*) *leeches*, the physicians or phlebotomists of the lake.

REMARKS.

The conjecture of the author of The REMARKS, as to the generation of fleas by fish, is in some measure confirmed in *Pliny's* Natural History, b. ix. c. 47. *Holland's* translation. REED.

24. ——*and two* razes *of ginger*,——] As our author

author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

24. ——*and two* razes of ginger,——] So, in the old anonymous play of *Hen. V.* "——he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Bess, &c. was to have had." *A dainty* race *of ginger* is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed.* The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces as at present, would have been sufficient to load a packhorse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hist. of Jamaica*, in support of his assertion; and added "that he could discover no authority for the word *raze* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comick writers. So, in a *Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1617:

"I have spent eleven pence besides three *rases* of ginger."

"Here's two *rases* more." STEEVENS.

26. —*the* turkies *in my pannier are quite starv'd.*—] Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of *K. Henry VIII.* MALONE.

32. ——*Gads-hill,*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in *Westward Hoe,* 1606:

" ————Why, how lies she?

" Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-hill,* very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:*

" And I know thee for a taking fellow

" Upon *Gads-hill* in Kent."

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled " The robbery at Gads-hill," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

33. *I think, it be* two o'clock.] The carrier, who suspected Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock.* STEEVENS.

48. *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nash, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. Again, in the play of *Apius and Virginia,* 1575, Haphazard, the vice, says:

" *At hand, quoth pick-purse,* here redy am I,

" See well to the cutpurse, be ruled by me."

Again, (as Mr. Malone observes) in the *Dutchess of Suffolk,* by Heywood, 1631: " *At hand quoth pick-purse* have you any work for a tyler?" STEEVENS.

49.

49. *That's even as fair as—at hand quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more,* &c.] So, in the *Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "——he dealt with the *chamberlaine of the house* to learn which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped." STEEVENS.

54. *franklin*——] Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

Fortescue (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be a *pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus.* He is classed *with* (but *after*) the *miles* and *armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other *freeholders*, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman in verb. *Franklein*, quotes the following psssage from Trivet's *French Chronicle.* (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) *Thomas de Brotherton* (filius Edwardi I. mareschallus Angliæ) *apres la mort son pere esposa la fille de un Franchelyn apelee Alice.* The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the *frankelein.* TYRWHITT.

59. ——*They—call for eggs and butter:*——] It appears from the *houshold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEVENS.

61. ——*saint Nicholas' clerks,*——] Highwaymen or

or robbers were so called, or *St. Nicholas's knights.*

" A mandrake grown under some *heavy tree,*
" There where *St. Nicholas' knights* not long before
" Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."

Glarcanus Vadeanus's Panegyrick upon *Tom Coryat.*

GREY.

Again, in Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: " I think yonder came prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks.*"

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:"

" ——We are prevented;——
" *St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us."

Again, in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: " Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas' clerks*, &c.——under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart," &c. STEEVENS.

69. ——*other* Trojans——] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* " Hector was but a *Trojan* in respect of this." *Trojan* in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief.* So again, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* " ——unless you play the *honest Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away." STEEVENS.

73. ——*I am join'd with no* foot land-rakers,——] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-staff six-penny strikers*,——no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and knock men down for

sixpence. *None of those mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms,*——none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

74. ——*six-penny* strikers;——] A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, *no sixpenny striker* signifies, *not one who would content himself to* borrow i. e. *rob you for the sake of six-pence.* That to *borrow* was the cant phrase for to *steal*, is well known, and that to *strike* likewise signified to *borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

"*Cor.* You had best assault me too.

"*Mal.* I must *borrow* money,

"And that some call a *striking*," &c.

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"The only shape to hide a *striker* in."

Again, in an old MS. play entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"——one that robs the mind,

"Twenty times worse than any highway *striker*."

STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*: "——the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called *striking*." Again: "—who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting." COLLINS.

75.

75. ——*malt-worms*:——] This cant term for a tippler I find in the *Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: "You shall purchase the prayers of all the ale-wives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer." Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEVENS.

76. ——*burgomasters, and great* oneyers;——] By *onyres* (for so I believe the word ought to be written), I understand *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer *to ony*; and from hence Shakspere seems to have formed the word *onyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too—God knows what." This interpretation is further confirmed by what *Gadshill* says in the next scene:—"There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." MALONE.

77. ——*such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than* drink, *and* drink *sooner than pray*:—]

According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak*; *and speak sooner than* think; *and* think *sooner than pray*. By which last words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in?* It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak* sooner than *think*: it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read, by transposition, *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *such as can curb old-father antick the law*, or such as *will not lab*. STEEVENS.

Turbervile's *Book of Hunting*, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntsmen on horseback to make young hounds "*hold in* and close" to the old ones: so *Gadshill* may mean, that he is joined with such companions as will *hold in*,

or

or keep and stick close to one another, and such as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and speak their mind freely, better than to drink. TOLLET.

86. *She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her.*——] A satire on chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

87. ——*as in a castle,*——] This was once a proverbial phrase. So, in the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That noble courage we have seen, and we
"Shall fight *as in a castle.*"

Perhaps Shakspere means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of *castles*, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. So, in *K. Henry* VI. Part I. act iii. sc. i.

"Yes, an outlaw *in a castle* keeps,
"And useth it to patronage his *theft.*"

STEEVENS.

87. ——*we have the receipt of* fern-seed——] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty: and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumstance relative to *fern-seed* is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

" ——had you Gyges' ring,
" Or the herb that gives invisibility?"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn:*

" ——I had
" No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
" No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, b. xxvii. ch. 9. " Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *seed*." STEEVENS.

93. ——*purchase*——] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in *Henry* V. act iii.

" They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*."

So, Chaucer:

" And robbery is holde *purchase*." STEEVENS.

96. ——*Homo is a*——*name*, &c.] Gadshill had promised as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief*; to which Gadshill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

Homo is a name common to all men.] This is a quotation from *Lilly's Grammar*; and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell should have added to his Shaksperiana. L.

100. ——*like a gumm'd velvet.*] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in the *Malecontent*,

content, 1606: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret.*" STEEVENS.

110. ——*four foot by the square*——] *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

"*Some twelve foot by the square.*" FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*, Fr. The same phrase occurs in the *Winter's Tale:* "——not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the square.*" STEEVENS.

116. ——*medicines to make me love him*,——] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder.* JOHNSON.

120. ——*rob a foot further.*——] I will not go a foot further to rob. STEEVENS.

135. ——*to colt*——] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse.* JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject:* "What, are we bobb'd thus still; *colted* and carted?" STEEVENS.

To *colt*, signifying in our more modern phrase to *jockey*, is used by Falstaff to the Prince on discovering that his horse was taken off: "——what a plague

mean ye, to *colt* me thus?" The Prince replies: "Thou liest, thou art not *colted*, thou art *uncolted*." The meaning of which is—when thou boughtest thy horse, thou wert *colted* (i. e. *tricked*); therefore, in having thy horse taken from thee thou art *uncolted*, i. e. *freed from a bad bargain*. HENLEY.

141. ——*heir-apparent* garters!——] "He may hang himself in his own *garters*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

Had it been *garter*, I should have thought the *garter* of the *order* had been here referred to. HENLEY.

175. ——*dole*,] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in the *Costly Whore*, 1633:

"——we came thinking
"We should have some *dole* at the bishop's funeral."

Again:

"Go to the back gate, and you shall have *dole*."
STEEVENS.

188. ——*gorbellied*——] *i. e.* fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

This word is likewise used by Sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*.

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says: "O 'tis an unconscionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger

bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in the *Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618: "What, are these thick-skinn'd, heavy-purs'd, *gorbellied* churles mad?" STEEVENS.

189. ———*ye fat* chuffs;——] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in the *Muses Looking Glass*, 1638:

" ———the *chuff*'s crowns,
" Imprison'd in his rusty chest," &c.

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea-shore. So in Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules*:

" The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie."

Sir W. Davenant, in his *Just Italian*, 1630, has the same term:

" They're rich *choughs*, they've store
" Of villages and plough'd earth."

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in the *Alchemist*, being asked who had robb'd him, answers, " a kind of *choughs*, Sir." STEEVENS.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound.

REMARKS.

193. ——*the* true men:] In the old plays, a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient

ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorner*, bl. l. no date:

" And when me list to hang a *true man*——

" Thieves I can help out of pryson."

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

" Now *true man*, try if thou can'st rob a *thief*."

Again:

" Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*." STEEVENS.

195. ——argument *for a week*,——] *Argument* is subject matter for a drama. So, in the second part of this play:

" For all my part has been but as a scene

" Acting that *argument*." STEEVENS.

212. *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland. Mr. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

231. ——*my lord of York*——] Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. STEEVENS.

233. ——*I could brain him with his lady's fan*——] Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, " that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's, *Every Man out of his Humour*," act ii. sc. ii.

" This *feather* grew in her sweet *fan* sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act iii. sc. iv.

" ——— for a garter,

" Or the least *feather* in her bounteous *fan*."

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont

mont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*, act v.

" ———Wer't not better

" Your head were broke with *th' handle of a fan?*"

See the plate of *Fans*, and the figure of *Marguerite de France Dutchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*. Pl. XI. STEEVENS.

217. *How now*, Kate?——] Shakspere either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between king Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by king Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

252. ——*golden sleep?*] So in *Hall's Chronicle*, Richard III. " ——he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to wake or breake hys *golden sleepe*." HENDERSON.

262. ——*and retires;*——] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 16. " ——their secret safe retire." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960. " ——the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden retire)" &c. STEEVENS.

263. ——*frontiers*,——] *Frontiers* formerly meant not

not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ive's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is said: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21. "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c. P. 34. "It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall *frontiers*." P. 40. "When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the same be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended," &c. This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. STEEVENS.

264. *Of basilisks,——*] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in *Ram-alley*, 1611:

"My cannons, demi-cannons, *basilisks*," &c.

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"———are these two *basilisks*

"Already mounted on their carriages?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816. "——setting his *basiliskes* and other cannon in the mouth of the baie." See likewise Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 198, 199. STEEVENS.

289. *Out, you mad-headed ape!*] This and the following speech of the lady are in the early editions printed as prose; those editions are indeed in such cases of no great authority, but perhaps they were right in this place, for some words have been left out to make the metre. JOHNSON.

299. ——*I'll break thy little finger, Harry,*] This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*." AMNER.

304. ——*mammets*,——] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies drest in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: ——"I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date: "——he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *mawmets* and ydolles." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets dallying*."

STEEVENS.

305. ——*crack'd crowns*,] Signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wouuds

wounds entitle him to universal reception.
JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

" I'll none of your *crack'd* French *crowns*——

" *King.* No *crack'd* French *crowns!* I hope to see more *crack'd* French *crowns* ere long.

" *Priest.* Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's *crowns*," &c. STEEVENS.

319. ——*further wise,*] Should be printed—*farther-wise.* S. D*Y.

323. *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence:—" A woman conceals what she knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

339. ——*their* salvation,——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads——*their* confidence. STEEVENS.

342. ——*Corinthian*——] A wencher. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

" ——let him *wench*,
" Buy me all *Corinth* for him."
" Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum.*"

Again, in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633:

" Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuse——
" To *Corinth* any man may go."

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

" Or the old Cynic whom *Corinthian* Lais," &c. STEEVENS.

346. ——*and when you breathe,* &c.] A certain maxim

maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with the same expression in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakspere:

" ———we also do enact
" That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;
" Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink*;
" That none go out to"——— STEEVENS.

353. ——*this pennyworth of sugar*,——] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

" ———but do you hear?
" Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown."

Shakspere might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Deckar in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: " Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city fashion*) send them in a pottle of wine, *and your name sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c. STEEVENS.

354. ——*under-skinker*;——] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is *one that serves drink at table*. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker*

ker is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEVENS.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, act iv. scene 5.

"*Alb.* I'll play the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

"*Her.* Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker*." REED.

368. *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

401. ——*chrystal-button*,——] It appears from the following passage in Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *chrystal-buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "—a black taffata doublet, and a spruce *leather jerkin* with *chrystal-buttons*, &c. I enquire of what occupation: Marry, sir, quoth he, a *broker*." STEEVENS.

402. ——*nott-pated*,——] A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says, the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide *Ray Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo, p. 11. vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"———your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

Again, in Stowe's *Annals for the Year* 1535, 27th of Henry VIII. "He caused his owne head to bee polled, and

and from thenceforth his beard to bee *notted* and no more shaven." In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to *cut* it. STEEVENS.

402. ——*puke-stocking*,——] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions, of which all are easily intelligible but *puke-stocking*, which I cannot explain. JOHNSON.

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke gownes*, and without their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his translation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2. says: "the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkine of fine *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymist's Shop laid open*, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was *grey*.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of *Horace*, 1567:

"——*nigra* succinctam vadere palla."

"——ytuckde in *pukishe* frocke."

In the time of Shakspere the most expensive silk

stockings were worn; and in *K. Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.

STEEVENS.

Puke-stocking seems to be a contemptuous expression, like our *black-legg'd* gentry of the turf. Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. 6. mentions cloth of these colours, "*puke*, browne-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alvearie*. TOLLET.

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by puke; *puke* must signify, *russet wool that has never been dyed*. HENLEY.

403. ——caddice-*garter*——] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspere's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction; which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"——dost hear,

"My honest *caddis-garters?*"

This is an address to a servant. STEEVENS.

"*At this day*," [1614] says Edm. Howes, the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, "*men of mean rank wear garters*

garters and shoe roses of more than five pounds a-piece." Stowe's *Annals*, 1039, edit. 1631. MALONE.

405. ——*brown*-bastard——] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatick piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco*, the second edition, 1630: Beer says to Wine:

"Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?"

So again, in *The Honest Whore*, a comedy by Deckar, 1635:

"——What wine sent they for?

"*Ro. Bastard wine*, for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been asham'd to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for nursing the bastard."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"I'll furnish you with *bastard*, white or *brown*," &c.

In the ancient metrical romance of the *Squhr of low Degre*, bl. let. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:

"You shall have Rumney and Malmesyne,
"Both Ypocrasse and Vernage wyne:
"Montrose, and wyne of Greke,
"Both Algrade and Respice eke,
"Antioche and *Bastarde*,
"Pyment also and Garnarde:

" Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,
" Both Clare-Payment and Rochell,
" The reed your stomach to defye,
" And pottes of Osey set you by." STEEVENS.

Bastard is enumerated by Stowe among other sweet wine: " When an Argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard*," &c. *Annals*, 867. MALONE.

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says, " ——such wines are called *mungrell* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that " *bastarde* is muscadell, sweet wine." STEEVENS.

434. ——*I am not yet of Percy's mind*,—] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours*——*I am not yet of Percy's mind*,——*i. e.* I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind*,——who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

443. ——*Rivo*,——] *Rivo* was perhaps the cant of English taverns. JOHNSON.

This

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at others fate,
"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the same word used in the comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*:

"———Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat," &c.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1627:

"——that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo*," &c.

Again:

"*Rivo*, here's good juice, fresh borage, boys."

STEEVENS.

449. ——*nether stocks*,——] *Nether stocks* are stockings. See *K. Lear*, act ii. scene iv. STEEVENS.

452. *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of bttuer? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at she sweet sight of the sun?*] This perplexes Mr. Theobald; he calls it nonsense, and, indeed, having made nonsense of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted butter*. But the common reading is right: and all that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which *(pitiful-hearted Titan!)* should be put. *Pitiful hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character; the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the Oxford editor goes still further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet

poet having before called him *pitiful hearted*, or amorous. WARBURTON.

I have left this passage as I found it, desiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this emendation to be just. I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to decide in favour of any violent proceedings against the text, must confess that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? in the oldest copy, the contested part of this passage appears thus:

———*at the sweet tale of* the sonnes.

The author might have written *pitiful hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of* his son, *i. e.* of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father, so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among *Turbervile's epitaphs*, &c. p. 142. "It melts as butter doth against the sunne." As gross a mythological corruption, as that already noted, perhaps occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"The arm-strong offspring of the *doubted knight*,
"Stout Hercules," &c.

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read——*doubled night*, *i. e.* the night length-

lengthened to twice its usual proportion while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted.

STEEVENS.

456. ——*here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man:*——] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's sea captains, in his Voyages, p, 379, says, "Since the Spanish *sacks* have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance, by conveyance into foreign countries." This latter, indeed, was a substantial evil. But, as to lime's giving the stone, this surely must be only the good old man's prejudice; since, in a wiser age by far, an old woman made her fortune by shewing us that lime was a cure for the stone. *Sir John Falstaff*, were he alive again, would say she deserved it, for satisfying us that we might drink sack in safety: but that liquor has been long since out of date. I think lord Clarendon, in his *Apology*, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought home with them the goust for French wines, which

which has continued ever since; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack*, in Shakspere, is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sherry*. JOHNSON.

The difference between the true *sack* and *sherry*, is distinctly marked by the following passage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayns*. Some *sack* boy &c.

"*Drawer*. Good *sherry sack*, Sir.

"*Rayns*. I meant *canary*, Sir: what, hast no brains?" STEEVENS.

Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

That the sweet wine at present called *sack*, is different from *Falstaff's* favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for *sugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with *sugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that there partiality for *sugar* was very great, the following instances will shew. *Hentzner*, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiosi immittunt saccarum*;" they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. And Moryson,

Moryson, in his *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes: "They drink pure wine, not with *sugar* as the English." Again, p. 150, "——but gentlemen garrawse onely in wine, with which many mixe *sugar*, which I never observed in any other place or kingdome to be used for that purpose: and because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetnesse, the wines in tavernes (for I speake not of merchants or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof to make them pleasant." The addition of *sugar* even to *sack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. REED.

465. ——*I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs*, &c.] In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of musick in *The Merchant of Venice*. Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

I believe, wherever the sacred name has been suppressed, or any expression bordering on profaneness altered,

altered, the alteration was made in consequence of the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. Of the truth of this observation a speech of *Falstaff* in this scene is a remarkable proof: "*By the Lord*, I knew ye as well as he that made ye." Thus it stands in the quarto of 1598, and all the subsequent quartos, which were copied each from the other. But in the folio this characteristick exordium is omitted, and the passage stands—— "I knew ye as well" &c. In another place, "*'sblood*, my lord, they are false," is altered to "*i' faith*, my lord, they are false," though the answer shews that an oath was intended by the poet: "*Swearest* thou, ungracious boy?"

Shakspere would never willingly have made *Falstaff* so unlike himself as to scruple adding an oath to his lies. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the followidg passages.

Ben Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with *cloth-workers*."

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

"Like a Geneva *weaver* in black, who left
"The loom, and enter'd in the ministry,
"For conscience sake." STEEVENS.

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love

love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. SIR J. HAWKINS.

470. ——*a dagger of lath,*——] *i. e.* such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" In a trice, like to the old *Vice*
" Your need to sustain:
" Who with *dagger of lath*
" In his rage and his wrath" &c.

Again, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,* 1587: the *Vice* says,

" Come no neer me you knaves for your life,
" Lest I stick you both with this *wood knife.*
" Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar;
" Body o'me they have taken away my *dagger.*"

And in the second part of this play, *Falstaff* calls *Shallow* a " *Vice's dagger.*" STEEVENS.

480. ——*I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst.*——] Shakspere, in his real characters, is to be depended on as a historian. Agility and fast running were among the qualifications of this young prince. " Omnes coætaneos suos saliendo præcessit, (says Thomas de Elmham, p. 12.) cursu veloci simul correntes prævenit. BOWLE."

The quarto of 1599, gives this speech to *Poins.* STEEVENS.

501. ——*my buckler cut through and through;*——] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington,* that this method of defence and fight

was in Shakspere's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of goods words, that sword and buckler fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

513. ——*an Ebrew Jew.*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "——thou art an *Hebrew*, *a Jew*, and not worth the name of a christian." STEEVENS.

526. ——*two, I am sure, I have* pay'd——] *i. e.* drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and do'st betray them
"To pedants that with cruel lashes *pay* them."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher, 1634:

"——Then as I am an honest man,
"I'll *pay* thee *soundly*." MALONE.

539. *P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.*

Falstaff. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.] From the prince's speech, and *Poins*'s answer, I apprehend that *Falstaff*'s

Falstaff's reply, should be interrogatively; In buckram? WHALLEY.

551. *Their* points *being broken,—Down fall their hose.*] To understand *Poins*'s joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

Points were metal hooks, fastened to the waistband of the *hose* or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons), and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled:* "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"——Help me to truss my *points*.——

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

559. ——*Kendal*——] *Kendal* in Westmorland, as I have been told, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion:*

"——where *Kendal* town doth stand,

"For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of *Robert Earl of Hunting-*

ton and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

"————————all the woods
"Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*
"Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again:

"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode verye proper to be played* in *Maye Games*, bl. let no date:

"Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,
"Clothed all in *Kendale grene*." STEEVENS.

565. ——*tallow-keech*——] A *keech* of *tallow*, is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspere calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

——*tallow-catch*,——] The conjectural emendation *ketch*, *i. e.* tub, is very ingenious. But the prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*. WARTON.

587. ——*you starveling*, *you elf-skin*,——] For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin* or *little-fairy*:

fairy: for though the Bastard in *K. John*, compares his brother's legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man.

JOHNSON.

——*you starveling*, &c.] In these comparisons Shakspere was not drawing the picture of a *little-fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall and thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylors yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue*, allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin* is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *K. John*, and by *Falstaff*'s description of the *lean Shallow*, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

Shakspere had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c. STEEVENS.

609. ——*the lion will not touch the true prince.*——] So, in the *Mad Lover*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Fetch the Numidian *lion* I brought over;
"If she be sprung from *royal blood*, the lion
"Will *do her reverence*, else he'll tear her," &c.

STEEVENS.

610. ——Instinct *is a greater matter*;——] Diego, the Host, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,

cher, excuses a rudeness he had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same words:

"———should I have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?

"*Philipo.* ——You kew it then?

"*Diego.* ——I knew 'twas necessary

"You should be both together. *Instinct, signior,*

"*Is a great matter* in an host." STEEVENS.

629. ——*there is a nobleman*——*Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman:* in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man,* i. e. a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two angry Women of Abington,* 1599:

"This is not noble sport, but *royal* play.

"It must be so where *royals* walk so fast."

STEEVENS.

Give him as much as will make him a royal *man,*——] The *royal* went for 10s.—the noble only 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* queen," and a little after, "My *noble* queen." Upon which, says the queen, "What, am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

648

648. ——*to tickle our noses with spear-grass*, &c.] So in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into a field, I would take *a straw* and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

650. ——*the blood of* true men.——] *i. e.* of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

654. ——*taken* in *the manner*——] The quarto and folio read——*with the manner*, which is right. *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*. WARBURTON.

The expression—*taken* in *the manner*, or with *the manner*, is common to many of our old dramatick writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*:

"How like a sheep-biting rogue, *taken in the manner*,
"And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?"

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Take them not *in the manner*, tho' you may."

Perhaps it is a corruption of "taken in the *manœuvre*;" yet I know not that this French word, in the age of Shakspere, had acquired its present sense. STEEVENS.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful

unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*. HAWKINS.

656. ——*Thou hadst fire and sword*, &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*.

"While I affirm a *fiery face*:
"Is to the owner no disgrace."

Legend of Capt. Jones.

JOHNSON.

662. *Hot lovers, and cold purses.*] i. e. *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*. JOHNSON

663. Choler, *my lord, if rightly taken.*

No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*. So, in *King John and Matilda*, 1655:

"*O. Bru.* Son, you're too full of *choler*.
"*Y. Bru.* Choler! *halter*.
"*Fitz.* By the mass, that's near the *collar*."

STEEVENS.

666. ——*bombast?*——] Is the stuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the same chapter, he adds, that they were "stuffed with foure, five, or sixe pound of *bombast* at least."

Again,

Again, in Deckar's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old linings of jests." *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerrard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombast tree*." STEEVENS.

669. ——*I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring*:] Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἓν ἐμέ γ' ἂν διαχυθεὶς.

Plutus, v. 1037.

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

An Alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in the *Antipodes*, 1638: "——Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633: "A good man in the city, &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640: "——no more wit than the rest of the bench: what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing *a ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."

STEEVENS.

673. ——*Sir John* Braby——] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598, reads,——*Bracy*. STEEVENS.

677. ——*upon the cross of a* Welch hook——] A *Welch hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*:

"——that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *Welch hooks* and forest bills."

Again,

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Deckar and Webster, 1607:

"———it will be as good as a *Welch hook* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end."

Again, in the *Insatiable Countess*, by Marston, 1631:

"The ancient *hooks* of great Cadwallader."

Mr. Tollet apprehends from the *hooked* form of the instrument, as well as from the *cross* upon it, as upon other ancient swords, that it is the *Welsh hook* mentioned by *Falstaff*.

The figure was copied by him from Speed's *History of Great Britain*, p. 180.

I believe the *Welch hook* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *securis falcata*, or probably a weapon of the same kind with the *Lochaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Preston-pans.

In the old ballad, however, of *King Alfred and the Shepherd*, (see Evans's Collection, vol. i. p. 20.) the shepherd swears by his *hook*:

"And by my *hook*, the shepherd said,
"(an oath both good and true)" &c.

STEEVENS.

I question

I question the truth of this representation. The *Welsh hook* I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize on the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in *Butler's Character of a Justice of Peace*, whom the witty author thus describes, "His whole authority is like a *Welsh hook*; for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruster from her*." Remains, vol. ii. p. 192. WHALLEY.

689. ——*pistol*——] Shakspere never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great with the same weapon. STEEVENS.

696. ——*blue caps*——] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called *Blew Cap for me*, or

"A Scottish lass her resolute chusing;
"Shee'l have bonny *blew cap* or other refusing."

STEEVENS.

697. ——*thy father*'s beard is turn'd white *with the news*;——] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

Nash,

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596, says: "——looke and you shall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ against him; and you shall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this book." The reader may find more examples of this phænomenon in Grimston's translation of Goulart's *Memorable Histories*. STEEVENS.

698. ——*you may buy land*, &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

715. *Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry* V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:

"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box on the ear," &c. STEEVENS.

717. ——*This chair shall be my state*,——] This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyses*, the hero of a play which appears from Deckar's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609,

1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Deckar is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambises himselfe*." STEEVENS.

718. ——*this cushion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes, that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of *K. Edward* IV. p. 2. 1619, is the following passage:

"Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,
"In with a tavern-reck'ning for a supplication,
"Disguised with a *cushion* on his head."

STEEVENS.

720. *Thy state*, &c.] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*. REMARKS.

727. ——*king Cambyses*——] A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of *Cambyses* king of Persia. By Thomas Preston. THEOBALD.

I question if Shakspere had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyses' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of king *Cambyses*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

See a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iv, scene the last. STEEVENS.

728. ——*my leg.*] That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

736. ——*the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyses*:

"*Queen.* These words to hear make stilling teares issue from crystall eyes."

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should read, do *ope* the flood-gates, &c. STEEVENS.

737. ——harlotry *players*,——] This word is used in the *Plowman's Tale*; "Soche *harlotre* men," &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. "I had lever hear an *harlotry*, or a somer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inhonesta* paupertinæ sortis fœditas." STEEVENS.

738. ——*tickle-brain*——] This appears to have been the nick-name of some strong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"A cup of Nipsitate brisk and neat,
"The drawers call it *tickle-brain*."

In the *Antipodes*, 1638, *settle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

740. ——*Harry, I do not only marvel*, &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARBURTON.

741.

741. ——*though the camomile*, &c.] In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following passage:

"The *camomile* shall teach thee patience,
"Which thriveth best when trodden most upon."

Again, in *The Fawne*, a comedy, by Marston, 1606:

"For indeed, Sir, a repress'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down the more it grows."

STEEVENS.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Eupheus*: "Though the *camomile* the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth," &c. FARMER.

749. ——blessed *sun*——] The folio and quarto of 1613, read,

——blessed *son*. MALONE.

——*a micher*,——] *i. e.* truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

"They make Goddes house a den of theyves; for commonly in such feyrs and markets, wheresoever it be holden, ther ben many theyves, *michers*, and cut-purses."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

" Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

Again, in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

" How like a *micher* he stands, as though he had *truanted* from honesty."

" ——that mite is *miching* in this grove." *ibidem.*

" The *micher* hangs down his head." *ibidem.*

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Look to it *micher*."

Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:

" Wanton wenches, and also *michers*."

STEEVENS.

754. *This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile*;] Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

" Who toucheth pitch must be defil'd."

STEEVENS.

Or perhaps to Lilly's *Euphues*: " He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled." T. H. W.

769. *If then the fruit*, &c.] This passage is happily restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew.

STEEVENS.

779. ——*rabbet-sucker*,——] Is, I suppose, a *sucking-rabbet*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So, a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's

jeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-suckers*.

Again, in Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591: "I prefer an old coney before a *rabbet-sucker*." Again, in *The Tryal of Chivalry*, 1599: "——a bountiful benefactor for sending thither such *rabbet-suckers*."

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus, in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We must have our tables furnished like *poulters'* stalles." STEEVENS.

793. ——*bolting-hutch*——] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

795. ——*Manningtree ox*——] *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusal size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of publick festivity, or exposed for money to publick show.

This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas Deckar, 1606: "—you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale."

STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Mannigtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also the *Choosing of Valentines*, a poem by Thomas

Nashe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538. vol. 43.

" ——or see a *play* of strange moralitie,
" Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
" Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

Again, in Deckar's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. Huge volumes (says Osborne in his *Advice to his Son*), like the *ox roasted whole* at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces." MALONE.

800. ——*cunning*,——] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

804. ——*take me with you*;——] *i. e.* go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Lilly in his *Endymion*, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you*." FARMER.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it. STEEVENS.

814. ——*If sack and sugar be a fault*,——] *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspere's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham]

b].

bl. let. 12mo. the writer says, (p. 86.) "sipt I no more *sack and sugar* than I do malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place describing a minstril, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sack and sugar*, we sweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's accounts belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. "——Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. 1592. Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck* and a pound of *sugar* geven to Sir John Russell, iiij. s."—— This Sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court.——In the same book is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb." PERCY.

831. ———*a fiddle-stick:*———] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———for certain, gentlemen,
"*The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.*" STEEVENS.

841. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the *sheriff*, so, &c.] Falstaff here intends a quibble; *major* which *sheriff* brought to his mind, signifies as well one of the parts of a logical proposition as the principal officer of a corporation now called a *mayor*. REMARKS.

846.

846. ——*hide thee behind the arras;*——] In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*.

Again, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"Does not the *arras* laugh at me, it shakes methinks.

"*Kat.* It cannot chuse, there's one *behind* doth tickle it."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "——but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind the *arras*." See likewise Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first act of *K. Richard* II.

STEEVENS.

859. *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret, that Shakspere would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse, without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute faleshood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance.

STEEVENS.

I see not the propriety of this censure; for base as is the crime of lying, and contemptible as it renders the person addicted to it, yet the other vices of the prince are, at least, as mean, and aptly consort with this. HENLEY.

893. ——*I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.*—] *i. e.* It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. JOHNSON.

Ben

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his *Sejanus*:

"That look'd for salutations *twelve-score* off."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606:

"I'll get my *twelve-score* off, and give aim."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"——not one word near it,
"There was no syllable but was *twelve-score* off."

STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 2. ——INDUCTION——] *i. e.* entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of the *Taming of a Shrew*. Shakspere often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard* III.

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous."

STEEVENS.

14. ——*at my nativity*, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspere. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity

nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

16. *Of burning* cressets;——] A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower; from the French word *croissette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

So, in *Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

"Come Cressida, my *cresset* light,

"Thy face doth shine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *cresset*-light, and torch-light to Sir T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate-street." Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"Watches in armour, triumphs *cresset-lights*."

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

28. *Diseased nature*——] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

33. ——*the old* beldame *earth*,——] *Beldame* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song

song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *bel-sire* in the same sense:

"As his great *bel-sire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won."

Again, in the 14th song:

"When he his long descent shall from his *bel-sires* bring."

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but this word, employed by Drayton, seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakspere's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"To shew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter."

STEEVENS.

41. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.] Shakspere appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phænomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: "There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying*."

MALONE.

70. *Booteless*——] Thus one of the old editions; and without reading *booteless* (*i. e.* making the word a trissyllable) the metre will be defective. STEEVENS.

77. *England, from Trent and Severn* hitherto,] *i. e.* to this spot (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

99. *Methinks, my* moiety, *north from Burton here,*] The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used, by the writers of Shakspere's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *King Lear*, act i. sc. iv. MALONE.

101. ——*cranking in,*] Perhaps we should read—*crankling*. So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song vii.

"Hath not so many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as she." STEEVENS.

103. ——cantle *out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*:

"O si *angulus* ille
"Proximus arridet!"

Canton, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb used in Deckar's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"That this vast globe terrestrial should be *cantled*."

The substantive occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song i.

"Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in a *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread." STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembrokeshire. L.

126. *For I was train'd up in the English court;*] The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple.

STEEVENS.

129. ——*the tongue*——] Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of *singing*.

REMARKS.

Hotspur had a defect in his speech, as we learn from lady Percy;

(" ——*speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish.")

to which Glendower, in what follows, particularly alludes:

" And gave the tongue a *helpful ornament*;
" A virtue that was never seen in you."

HENLEY.

131. ——*I'm glad* on it *with all my heart*;] This vulgarism frequently occurs in the old copies; but here neither the transcriber nor compositor is to blame, for all the old editions, that I have seen, read, —I am glad *of* it.

MALONE.

134. ——*a brazen* candlestick *turn'd*,] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. Again, in *The famous Hist. of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, bl. let. " If he have

so much as a *canstick*, I am a traitor." Hotspur's idea likewise occurs in *A new trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

" As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
" Where they *turn brazen candlesticks*."

And again in Ben Jonson's masque of *Witches Metamorphosed*:

" From the *candlesticks* of Lothbury,
" And the loud pure wives of Banbury."

STEEVENS.

146. *(I'll haste the writer)*——] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read:

I'll in and *haste the writer*;

for he goes off immediately. STEEVENS.

152. ——*of the moldwarp and the ant.*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1563 (written by Phaer, the translator of *Virgil*), Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself:

" And for to set us hereon more agog,
" A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
" Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
" Whom Merlin doth a *mouldwarpe* ever call,
" Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall,

" By

" By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,
" Which should divide his kingdom them among."

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called, because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises. STEEVENS.

157. ——*skimble-skamble stuff.*] So, in Taylor the water-poet's *Description of a Wanton:*

" Here's a sweet deal of *scimble scamble stuff.*"

STEEVENS.

160. *In reckoning up the several devils' names,*] See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, b. xv. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspere must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

169. ——————*profited*
In strange concealments;] Skilled in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

180. ——*too wilful-blame;*] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus:

Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful.

JOHNSON.

201. *a peevish-self will'd harlotry,*] Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, speaking of his daughter, has the same expression:

" *A peevish self-will'd harlotry* it is." REMARKS.

213. *With ravishing division, to her lute.*] This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace:

" Grataque fœminis
" Imbelli cithara carmina *divides.*"

" It is to no purpose that you (Paris) please" the women by singing " With ravishing division, to the harp." See the Commentators, and Vossius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

215. *O, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Massinger uses the same expression in *The Unnatural Combat:*

" ——————in this you speak, Sir,
" *I am ignorance itself.*" STEEVENS.

217. *Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

220. *And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,*] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only *sit* on his eye-lids, but that he should *sit crown'd*, that is pleased and delighted. WARBURTON.

The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philaster:*

" ——who shall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a silent sleep*
" *Upon my eye-lid.*" STEEVENS.

222. *Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation,

perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

227. ———*our book*,———] Our papers of conditions. JOHNSON.

229. *And* those *musicians that shall play to you,*
Hang in the air———

Yet, &c.] The particle *yet* being used adversatively, must have a particle of concession preceding it. I read therefore,

And the tho' *musicians*——— WARBURTON.

We need only alter or explain *and* to *an*, which often signifies in Shakspere, *if* or *though*. So, in this play: "*An* I have not forgot what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn."

Again, in this play: "*An* the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours." MALONE.

And for *an* is frequently used by old writers. STEEVENS.

247. *Neither*; *'tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

It is a woman's fault, is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"*'Tis a woman's fault:* p——of this bashfulness."

Again:

"*A woman's fault* we are subject to it, Sir."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken,

nor to sit still, slily adds, that such is the usual fault of women; *i. e.* never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

259. ——*Finsbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. STEEVENS.

262. ——*such protests* of pepper ginger-bread,] *i. e.* protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread.* STEEVENS.

Hotspur had just told his wife that she "*swore* like a *comfit-maker's* wife;" such *protests* therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in sooth*," &c. were to be left to persons of that class. HENLEY.

263. ——*velvet-guards*,——] To such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets," &c. (says Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) "were guarded with *velvet-guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of womens' gowns, he adds: "they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least."

So, in the *Male-content*, 1606:

"You are in good case since you came to court;
garded, garded.
"Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet.*"

Velvet

Velvet guards appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

" Nay, I myself will wear the *courtly* grace:
" Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,
" These simpring fashions simply followed!"

Again:

" I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow.———
" How?—you——what fellow it?——gip *velvet guards!*" STEEVENS.

It appears from the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a *city-lady* in the time of our author:

" *Frances.* But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

" *Civet.* No, Frank [*i. e.* Frances], I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood." MALONE.

266. *'Tis the* next *way to turn tailor*, &c.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way——is the *nearest* way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: " The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the *next* way to the Indies." *Taylors* seem to have been as remarkable for singing as *weavers*, of whose musical turn Shakspere has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *taylor* that does not *sing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a *gold-finch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England (particularly Warwickshire, Shakspere's native country); which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing one's self, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in arts which can render birds alone more valuable. STEEVENS.

272. ——*our* book *is drawn*;——] *i. e.* our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

279. *For some displeasing* 'service——] *Service* for *action*, simply. WARBURTON.

282. ——*in thy passages of life*,] *i. e.* in the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

287. ——*such lewd, such mean attempts*,] *Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton*, but *licentious*. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*:

"——great action may be su'd
"'Gainst such as wrong mens' fames with verses *lewd*."

And

And again, in *Volpone*:

" ———they are most *lewd* impostors,

" Made all of terms and shreds." STEEVENS.

296. *Yet such extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.* I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspere's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

299. ——*pick-thanks*——] *i. e.* officious parasites. So, in the tragedy of *Mariam*, 1613:

" Base *pick-thank* devil."——— STEEVENS.

Again, in *Euphues*, 1587: " I should seeme either to *picke a thanke* with men or a quarrel with women." HENDERSON.

306. *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost*,] The prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEEVENS.

317. ———*loyal to possession*;———] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

324. *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven*,] Massinger has adopted this expression in *The great Duke of Florence*:

" ———Giovanni,

" A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,

" *Stole courtesy from heaven*; and would not to

" The meanest servant in my father's house

" Have kept such distance." STEEVENS.

And

And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,] The meaning, I apprehend, is—*I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus* defrauded heaven of its worshippers.

Courtesy is here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

" To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns."

In act v. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied to *men* as well as to *women*:

" I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
" That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. Part ii.

" If a man will make *court'sy*, he is virtuous."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" The homely villain *curt'sies* to her low."

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a similar thought:

" And drest myself in such humility,
" That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts."

Henry robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects, by drawing both the one and the other to himself. MALONE.

326. *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

" The pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
" And *pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts.*"

In another place, in the same play, we meet with the phrase used here:

" ——Then

" ——Then here upon my knees
" *I pluck allegiance* from her." MALONE.

335. ——*rash, bavin-wits,*] *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1606: "Love is like *a bavin*, but a blaze." STEEVENS.

336. ——*carded his state*;] The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with carping fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

" For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
" With *vile participation.*"

To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix.—Shakspere has a similar thought in *All's Well that ends Well:* "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr. Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word is used by Shelton is his translation of Don Quixote. The Tinker in the introduction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, was *by education a card-maker*. FARMER.

337.

337. ——*carping fools*;—] Jesting, prating, &c. This word had not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech. Chaucer says of his *Wife of Bath*, Prol. 470.

"In felawship wele could she laugh and *carpe*."

WARTON.

The quarto 1598, reads *cap'ring* fools, which I believe to be right, because it asks no explanation.

STEEVENS.

339. *And gave his countenance, against his name*,] Made his presence injurious to his reputation.

JOHNSON.

341. *Of every beardless vain comparative*:] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit againt the king's.

"When Lewis the XIV. was asked, Why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery? he answered, That he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king." *Scudery's Conversation*.

JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing. So, in the second of the *The Four Plays in One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——Gerrard ever was
"His full *comparative*."——

STEEVENS.

343. Enfeoff'd *himself to popularity*:] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "I protested to *enfeoffe* her in forty pounds a year."

STEEVENS.

344.

344. *That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,*] Nearly the same expression occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

"The people's *eyes* have *fed* them with my sight."

MALONE.

373. *He hath more worthy interest to the state,*
Than thou, the shadow of succession:] This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—*Hotspur* hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hast only the *shadowy right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

395. *Capitulate——*] *i. e.* make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

Rather, *combine, confederate, indent.* To capitulate is *to draw up any thing in heads or articles.* Johnson's Dictionary. REMARKS.

398. *——dearest——*] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

411. *And stain my* favours *in a bloody mask,*] I believe *favours* mean some sort of decoration usually worn by knights on their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face;"

where the prince must have meant his scarf. Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

"Aruns, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,

"I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood."
STEEVENS.

439. Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland* (George Dunbar), who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspere designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side (one being earl of March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland); but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*. STEEVENS.

463. ——*I am a pepper-corn,—a brewer's horse; the inside of a church:*——] These last words were, I believe, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. *Falstaff* is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) things to which he is unlike; things remarkably small and thin. How can the *inside of a church* come under that description?

Perhaps,

Perhaps, however, the allusion may be to the pious uses to which churches are appropriated:——"*I am* as thin as *a brewer's horse; I am* as holy as *the inside of a church.*" Or *Falstaff* may here be only repeating his former words—*the inside of a church!*——without any connection with the words immediately preceding.

MALONE.

As the *inside of a church* consists of a vacant choir, here is humour in *Falstaff*'s comparison of himself, who is, *all filled up with guts and midriff*, to such an empty building. STEEVENS.

464. ——*a brewer's horse;*——] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work.

JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horse*, however, is mentioned in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "——to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse.*" STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, *Falstaff* does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary some striking *dissimilitude.* He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in act ii. sc. 4. he asserts the truth of several parts of this narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue*,—"*a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse.*" TYRWHITT.

483. ——*the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom.

JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances.

STEEVENS.

491. ——*By this fire*;——] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:——*that's God's angel.*

STEEVENS.

By the extrusion of these words the intended antithesis is lost. HENLEY.

497. ——*Thou hast saved me a thousand marks*, &c.] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention, that in Shakspere's time (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps), *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. So, in Deckar's *Satiromastix*: "——dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle light*." Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, among the *Cries of London*:

"*Lanthorn and candlelight* here,
"Maid ha' light here.
"Thus go the cries," &c.

Again, in *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"No more calling of *lanthorn* and *candlelight*."

Again,

Again, in *Pierce Pennylesse's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is said that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candle-man*." STEEVENS.

501. ——*good cheap*——] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay *good cheap*."

Again, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.*

"Perhaps thou may'st agree *better cheap* now."

And again, in these two proverbs:

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home.

"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to ask the price."

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Sir Bevys of Hampton*, bl. let. no date:

"Tyll he came to the *chepe*

"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in *Syr Bevys* may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,

"The *Chepe-syde* was of blode red." STEEVENS.

509. ——*dame Partlet*——] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

535. ——*What call you rich?*——] A face set with

carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.*

JOHNSON.

538. ——*a* younker *of me?*——] A *Younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. So, in Gascoine's *Glass for Government*, 1575:

"These *yonkers* shall pay for the rost."

See Spenser's *Eclogue on May*, and Sir Tho. Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, b. i. ch. 23.

This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"I fear he'll make an ass of me, a *yonker*."

STEEVENS.

539. ——*shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?*——] There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inn*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim: "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inn* originally signified *a house* or *habitation*. [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inn* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify *a house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspere; or perhaps *Falstaff* here humourously puns upon the word *inn*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works* imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. let. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual pro-

proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take mine ease in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne* so nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne,* but I see,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now, in the first of these distichs the word *inn* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inn* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervy, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says: "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant Sir Thomas More."

Inn for a habitation, or recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. So, in *A World toss'd at Tennis*, 1620: "These great rich men must *take their ease in their Inn.*" Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his ease in his inne*, as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in not being of so much

much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*. L.

549. ——*Newgate-fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to *Newgate*, fastened two and two together.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1601: "Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to *Newgate*." REED.

572. *There's no more faith in thee than in a* stew'd-prune, &c.] Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is she that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

In another old dramatick piece, intitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says: "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, sir, *stew'd-prune cash*, sir."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew, that *a dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient

designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenches, set up with their *stew'd prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

573. ——*a drawn fox*;——] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tam'd*:

"———that *drawn fox* Moroso."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39. "Insuper fingit se mortuum," &c. This particular, and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

574.

574. ——*maid Marian may be*, &c.] In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MSS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

"Good Robin Hood was living then,
"Which now is quite forgot,
"And so was fayre *maid Marian*," &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry:

"Next 'tis agreed (if thereto shee agree)
"That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name,
"And while it is the chance of *Robin Hoode*
"To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawe's life;
"She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.
"*Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:
"Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian*."

This lady was afterwards poison'd by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakspere speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2. in the plate of the Morris dancers, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Maid

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in Sir William Davenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247.) says: "I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." Morris is, indeed, there spelt wrong, the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance.

HAWKINS.

There is an old piece intitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a* Mayd-Marian, *and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or* 12 *Morris-dancers in Herefordshire, of* 1200 *Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country.

WARTON.

587 ——*neither fish, nor flesh*;——] So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red-herring."

STEEVENS.

612. ——*an if I do*, let my girdle break!] Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unblest." Thus, in the *Phantastick Age*, bl. let. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unblest* the proverbe sayes,
"And they to prove it right,
"Have got a fashion now adayes
"That's odious to the sight.
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
"No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:

"How

" How say'st thou, Besse? shall it be so girle? speake:

" If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*"

STEEVENS.

618. ——*impudent*, imboss'd *rascal*,——] *Imboss'd* is swoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

621. ——*if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other* injuries *but these*, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the prince calls the contents of *Falstaff*'s pocket—*injuries*. STEEVENS.

623. ——*And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:*——] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose *Falstaff*, in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the prince alludes. JOHNSON.

646. ——*do it with unwash'd hands too.*] *i. e.* Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands. So, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

" ——————as a school-boy dares

" Fall to, *ere wash'd his hands* or said his prayers."

Perhaps, however, *Falstaff* alludes to the ancient adage: " *Illotis manibus tractare sacra.*" I find the same expression in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: " Why be these holy thynges to be medled with *with unwashed hands?*" STEEVENS.

660. ——*Poins, to horse,*——] I cannot but think that *Peto* is again put for *Poins*. I suppose the copy had only

only a P——. We have *Peto* afterwards, not riding with the prince, but lieutenant to *Falstaff*.

JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation.

STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 3. ——*THE Douglas*——] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family.

STEEVENS.

12. *But I will* beard *him.*] To *beard* is *to oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia:*

"That it with woodbine durst compare
"And *beard* the Eglantine."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"——met them dareful *beard* to *beard.*"

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man, was to *cut off his head*; and to *beard* him, signified to *cut off his beard*; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 4.

" And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
" Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

37. *On any soul* remov'd,——] On any *less near* to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*. JOHNSON.

41. ——*no* quailing *now*;] To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

51. ——*therein should we read*
The very bottom and the soul of hope;] I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part II.

" ——we then should *see the bottom*
" Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspere's licentious language, for *to see*.

The passage quoted from *K. Henry VI.* strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Is there no pity sitting in the clouds.
" Which sees into the *bottom* of my grief?"

And this in *Measure for Measure*:

" And it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*:

" She is the list of my voyage."

The other [the *soul* of hope] occurs frequently in our author's

author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we meet:

" ——the *soul* of counsel."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——the *soul* of love."

So also, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

" ——Your desperate arm
" Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope*." MALONE.

59. *A comfort of retirement*——] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

64. *The quality and* hair *of our attempt*] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say, something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation:

" ——They say, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——since he will be
" An ass against the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of *Tom Taylor and his Wife*, 1598:

" But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*."

MALONE.

72. ——*we of the* offering *side*] All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the other copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read, *we of the off'ring side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the first copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspere.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections.

JOHNSON.

89. ——*term of* fear.] Folio—dream of *fear*.

MALONE.

100. *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakspere rarely bestows his epithets at random.—Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running,

running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-duck, or doe, in a large park. STEEVENS.

103. *All furnish'd, all in arms,*
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated *like eagles.*———] To *bait with the wind* appears to me an improper expression. To *bait* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

Besides, what is the meaning of *estridges, that baited with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

All plum'd like estridges, and *with the wind*
Baiting like eagles.

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing *the wind,*
Baited like eagles.

This gives a strong image. They were not only plum'd like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

The following passage from *David and Bethsabe*, 1599, will confirm the supposition, that to *bait* is a phrase taken from falconry:

" Where all delights sat *baiting*, wing'd with thoughts,
" Ready to nestle in her naked breast."

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:——" made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure," &c.

I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

In the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the same thought:

" Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
" The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen."

If any alteration were necessary, I would propose to read,

——————*that with* their wings
Bated like eagles——————

But the present words may stand. All birds, after *bathing*, (which almost all birds are fond of) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconers'

falconers' language is called *bating*, and by Shakspere, *bating with the wind*. It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakspere's age. *England's Helicon*, sign. 2.

" This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings."
TYRWHITT.

104. *All plum'd like estridges*, &c.] All dressed like the prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. GREY.

106. *Glittering in golden coats, like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, b. i. ch. iii.

" He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe
" Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments, &c.
" The holy saints of their *rich vestiments*
" He did disrobe," &c. STEEVENS.

110. *I saw young Harry——with his beaver* on,] We should read *beaver* up. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry*, &c.) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure

secure the face. Hence, in *The Second Part of Henry* IV. it is said:

"Their armed slaves in charge, their *beavers* down." WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Beaver and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raised up to enable him to see. L.

111. *His* cuisses *on his thighs,*——] *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

115. *To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,*] This idea occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596:——"her hottest fury may be resembled the passing of a brave cariere by a *Pegasus.*" STEEVENS.

117. *And witch the world*——] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

128. *Harry to Harry shall*, hot *horse to horse*——
Meet, and ne'er part,———] This reading I have restored from the first edition. The edition in 1623, reads,

Harry to Harry shall, not *horse to horse*,
Meet, and ne'er part.

But

But the unexampled expression of *meeting to* for *meeting with*, or simply *meeting*, is yet left. The ancient reading is surely right. JOHNSON.

153. ——*lieutenant Peto*——] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

156. ——*souc'd gurnet.*——] This is a dish mentioned in that very laughable poem called *The Counter-scuffle*, 1658:

" Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
" Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack,
" Daintily strew'd with pepper black,
" *Souc'd gurnet.*"

Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

" Punck! you *souc'd gurnet!*"

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1623:

" Out you *souced gurnet*, you wool fist!"

Among the Cotton MSS. is part of an old household book for the year 1594. See *Vesp.* F. xvi.

" Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d."

STEEVENS.

163. ——*worse than a* struck fowl, *or a hurt wild-duck.*——] The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspere, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to

struck

struck fowl. Sorrel is used in *Love's Labour's Lost* for a young *deer*; and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.

JOHNSON.

One of the quartos and the folio read *struck fool.* This may mean a fool who had been hurt by the recoil of an over-loaded gun, which he had inadvertently discharged. *Fowl*, however, seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl, i. e.* domestic birds and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Alas poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into sedges."

STEEVENS.

165. ——*such toasts and butter,*——] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

STEEVENS.

172. ———*younger sons to younger brothers,*——] Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other I know not, but I think the play was printed before the discourse.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwel was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hambden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men* and *tapsters*," &c.

STEEVENS.

174.

174. ——*cankers of a* calm world,——] So, in the *Puritan:* "———hatch'd and nourished in the idle *calmness* of peace." Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "——all the *canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace.*" STEEVENS.

———*ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old, faced* ancient;———] *An old, fac'd ancient*, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With some fine colour."

Again, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here."
STEEVENS.

185. ——*gyves on*;——] *i. e.* shackles. POPE. So, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner:*

"And I will go fetch a pair of *gyves.*"

Again:

"They be yeomen of the wrethe that be shackled in *gyves.*" STEEVENS.

210. ——*good enough to toss*;——] That is, to toss upon a pike. JOHNSON.

249. ——*such great leading*——] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

294. *To sue his livery*,——] This is a law phrase belonging

belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crowns, seized their lands, 'till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

The *Court of Wards* did not exist till the 32d year of *K. Henry the Eighth*, before which time wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. REMARKS.

300. *The* more *and less*——] *i. e.* the *greater* and the less. STEEVENS.

309. *Upon the naked shore*, &c.] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

325. *And, in the* neck *of that*, &c.] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*: "Great mischiefes succedying *one in anothers necke*." HENDERSON.

———task'd *the whole state*.] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines*, by Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136. "Duke Philip, by the space of many years l. vied neither subsidies nor *tasks*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "——like a greedy surveiour being sent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable *taskes*."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 422. "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use." STEEVENS.

336. *This head of safety*;——] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

348. ——*sealed* brief.] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

363. ——*in the first proportion*] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

365. ——*a rated sinew too*,—] So the first edition, *i. e.* accounted a strong aid. POPE.

A rated sinew signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Who with them was rated firmely *too.*

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Act V.] It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better. JOHNSON.

Line 2. ——busky *hill!*—] *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet* Fr.)

Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.

5. ——*to his purposes*;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

30. *Peace*, chewet, *peace*,] In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in *The Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the Master Cook of K. Richard II.* and published by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that these *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83, of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling *our chuet*. STEEVENS.

Peace, chewet! I believe means only: —"Be silent, *Jack-daw*." [So, *chouette* is interpreted by Cotgrave.] It is in reference to Falstaff's *impertinence*, and not his *fat*, that the Prince thus checks him. In Heywood's *Poems* the same word occurs:

"If he chyde, kepe your byll under wing muet,
"Chatting to chidyng is not worth a *chuet*."

HENLEY.

35. ——*my staff of office*——] See *Richard the Second.* JOHNSON.

57. ——*the injuries of a wanton time*;] *i. e.* the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

61. *As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

68. ——*we stand opposed*, &c.] We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

73. ——*articulated,*] *i. e.* exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. b. v.

"How to *articulate* with yielding wights."

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"To end those things *articulated* here."

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not *articulate.*" STEEVENS.

75. *To* face *the garment of rebellion*
With some fine colour,—] This is an allusion to our ancient fantastick habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. let. no date:

"His hosen shall be freshly garded
"Wyth *colours* two or thre." STEEVENS.

77. ——*poor* discontents,] Poor *discontents* are *poor discontented people*, as we now say—*malecontents*. So, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:

" What, play I well the free-breath'd *discontent*."
MALONE.

89. ——*set off his head*—] *i. e.* taken from his account. MUSGRAVE.

91. *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young*,] The same kind of gingle is in Sidney's *Arcadia*:

" ———young-wise, wise-valiant."——
STEEVENS.

122. ——*and bestride me*,—] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS.

127. Exit *Prince Henry*.] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton. JOHNSON.

141. ——*honour is a mere scutcheon*,——] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by *mere scutcheon* it is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

151. Suspicion, *all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes*:] The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxano*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alablaster. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus:

Suspicion,

Suspicion, *all our lives*, shall be stuck full of eyes.
All the old copies read—*supposition*. STEEVENS.

161. ——*an adopted name of privilege*——
A hare-brain'd Hotspur;——] The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

186. *And Westmoreland, that was* engag'd,—] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

193. *How shew'd his* tasking?——] Thus the quarto 1598. The others, with the folio read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

202. *By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you*:] This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspere forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the prince's speech? JOHNSON.

204. *He made a blushing* cital *of himself*;] Mr. Pope observes that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather

think it means *recital.* The verb is used in that sense in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. i.

" ———for we *cite* our faults,
" That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives."

Again, in *K. Henry* V. act v. sc ii.

" Whose want gives growth to imperfections
" Which you have *cited*," &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act v.

" ———I do digress too much,
" *Citing* my worthless praise." COLLINS.

206. ——*he master'd*——] *i. e.* was master of. STEEVENS.

214. *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty;*——] Of any prince that play'd such pranks, and was not confin'd as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild* a libertine. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" *Tye up the libertine* in a field of feasts."

STEEVENS.

226. *If life*——] Thus the old copies. STEEVENS.

239. *Now—Esperance!*——] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick

Alnwick castle, over the great gate. PERCY.

242. *For, heaven to earth,—*] *i. e.* One might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

255. *I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;*] The folio reads,

I was not born *to yield*, thou *haughty* Scot.

MALONE.

265. Semblably *furnish'd*——] *i. e.* in resemblance, alike. This word occurs in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"So, *semblably* doth he with terror strike."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"*Semblably* prisoner to your general."

Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The next, Sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,

"All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;

"But after when he saw the king himself remounted,

"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,

"And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again." STEEVENS.

266. A *fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!*] The old copies read: Ah, *fool, go with thy soul*, &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With

" With one fool's head I came to woo,
" But I go away with two."

Again, more appositely in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on *Timon*, act v. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

275. ——shot-*free at London*,——] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: " ——the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the sounding of healths." Again, in *The Play of the Four Ps*, 1569:

" Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?
" Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinking."

Again, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

" And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,
" To the end of a *shot*, and beginnyng of a fray."

STEEVENS.

278. ——*Here's no vanity!*——] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

" O here's *no foppery!*
" 'Death, I can endure the stocks better."

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. But the Oxford editor, not apprehending this, has it altered to *—there's vanity!* WARBURTON.

I am

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *no empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ———Here's *no villany!*

" I am glad I came to the hearing."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

" Here was *no subtile device* to get a wench!"

Again, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

" Here's *no fine villany!* no damned brother!"

STEEVENS.

290. ——*Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

291. ——*I have paid Percy, I have made him* sure.

P. Henry. *He is, indeed*; *and*, &c.] *Sure* has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the *former* sense, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*. STEEVENS.

299. ——sack *a city*,] A quibble on the word *sack*. JOHNSON.

The same quibble may be found in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "———it may justly seem to have taken the name *sack* from the *sacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

——*a bottle of sack*.] The same comick circumstance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakspere) bl. let. no date:

"*Glotony*. We shall have a warefare it ys told me.
"*Man*. Ye; where is thy harnes?
"*Glotony*. Mary, here may ye se,
"Here ys harnes inow.
"*Wrath*. Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?
"*Glotony*. What the devyll harnes should I mys,
"Without it be a *bottell*?
"Another *bottel* I wyll go purvey,
"Lest that drynk be scarce in the way,
"Or happely none to sell." STEEVENS.

301. *If Percy be alive, I'll* pierce *him*.——] I take the conceit to be this. To *pierce* a vessel is to *tap* it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries: *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his *New Inn*, act iii.

"Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogshead."

I believe

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakspere has the same play on words in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

303. ——*a* carbonado *of me*,——] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Gypsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

"*Carbonado* thou the old rogue my father,——
"While you slice into sollops the rusty gammon his man." STEEVENS.

307. ——*thou bleed'st too much*:——] History says, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. STEEVENS.

326. *I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,*
With lustier maintenance than I did look for, &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 759. "———the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and *kept him at the sword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companions either thought or judged*." STEEVENS.

354. *Thou hast redeem'd thy lost* opinion;] *i. e.* thy lost *reputation*; for in that sense the word was then used. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*:

"What *opinion* will the managing
"Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
"Tickles with apprehension on't!"

386. ——*those proud titles thou hast won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,——————
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time——————
Must have a stop.——] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time*; of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be *stopped*. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient Moralities. The same allusion occurs in *Measure for Measure* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

395. *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose. JOHNSON.

397. *A kingdom*, &c.]
" *Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;*
" *Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.*" Ovid.
JOHNSON.

403. *But let my favours hide thy mangled face*;] He covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

407. ——*ignomy*——] So this word was formerly written. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. iii.
" Hence, broker, lacquey, *ignomy* and shame."
REED.

415. ——*Many dearer*——] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

419. ——*to* powder *me*,——] To *powder* is to salt. JOHNSON.

447 ——*a double man*;——] *i. e.* I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

461. ——*I gave him this wound in the thigh*:——] The very learned lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakspere has applied an action to *Falstaff*, which William of Malmsbury tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of king Herold. I do not however believe that Lord Lyttelton supposed Shakspere to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

492. *The* noble *Scot*,——] The old copies bestow this epithet both on Percy and Douglas. STEEVENS.

Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:

"*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
"Which I shall give away immediately."

But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakspere himself. STEEVENS.

Mr. TOLLET'S *Opinion concerning the* MORRIS DANCERS *upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court both most and lest, to fetche the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morris Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long. Shakspere * says, it was, "impossible to make the people sleep on May morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of king James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's *Glossary* remarks under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from

* *Henry VIII.* act v. scene 3. and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iv. scene 1.

the

the Celtick la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothick ancestors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. says, "that after their long winter, from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. iii. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter king of Castile against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an

equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a * boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of † Shakspere, "they made more matter for a May morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish swords ‡ or staves in their hands, nor are they in their shirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*,

* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one as I think, of unsullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, act iii. scene 4. *All's Well that ends Well*, act ii. scene 2.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. scene 9. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv. c. 23. Haydocke's translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 54, says, "there are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting," &c. "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

that

that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady, I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the slabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, means a bib for a slabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend the jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial rising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like * practice here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their † hair dishevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif, hanging down behind, the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and

* Markham's translation of Heresbatch's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmness of the place."

† Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. iv. p. 219, 293, vol. v. p. 332, and Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 801, 931; and see Capilli in Spelman's *Glossary*.

her

her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspere's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and read beads in his right hand; and expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle, and his russet habit, denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a russet or a brown russet, as Holinshed, 1586, vol. iii. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streaked with black; and such perhaps was Shakspere's Aurora, or "the morn in russet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, act i. scene 1. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or Budget-bearers. It was customary in former times for the priest* and people in procession to go to some adjoin-

* See Maii inductio in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May-games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

ing wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey-friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakspere's friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May; as Robin Hood is stiled in Sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Universal Kirk*, in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her: and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, specifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet, or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium.

Many

Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might, as treasurer to the company, put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must, by the rules of his order, carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions, "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle; and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated by Ben * Jonson's masque of the *Meta-*

* Vol. vi. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756.

"*Clo.* They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horse.

"*Clo.*

Metamorphosed Gipsies, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a spirited horse of pastboard in which the master * dances, and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, vol. i. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassel, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out

" *Clo.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark." Vol. v. p. 211:

" But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
" Fool, it must be your lot,
" To supply his want with faces,
" And some other buffoon graces."

* Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

of

of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured* jacket, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who, in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb-lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or † yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him on the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

* Holinshed, 1586, vol. iii. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, vol. vi. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book, v. p. 164. 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

† So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus described:

"A nott hede had he, with a brown visage."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "—your not-headed country gentleman."

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress, may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow, and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's *Glossary* mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakspere in the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross, terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disunited in the engraving, should be continuous *. Keysler, in p. 78, of his *Northern and*

* St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May-pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer, that the glass was painted during the marriage of King Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole's *Hist. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hist. of Spain*.

Celtic

Celtic Antiquities, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French used to erect them, appears also from Mezeray's *History of their King Henry IV.* and from a passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us, that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them, became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament, in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented; but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers, and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothick ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

"Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
"Who so bestirs him in the Morris-dance
"For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-tinctured shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181. says: "Minstrels used a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with

yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffetees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across, and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd, in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose." His shoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red, with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white, with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long-sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive, or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennyless-grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pair of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changling*: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves,

which answer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 4. a lady's gown is described with down-sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom, or almost to the bottom, and by this means unsustained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite, or tripartite sleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim:*

——"That fairy rogue that haunted me
"He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Sussex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the anglers' apparel to be "without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of ho-

nour, or, "a station in the valued * file, which here seems to be the middle row, and which, according to my conjecture, comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse denotes pre-eminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the † metal, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across, or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his cod-piece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars, than a verbal description.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with asses ears on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under

* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets; the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets*.

the

the word *cox's-comb*, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and a head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c. His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow, with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, soled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth-stockings soled with white leather, called "cashambles," that is, "Chausses semellés de cuir," as Mr. Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool's bauble and the carved head with asses ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jester, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with asses ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jesters seem to have been formerly much caressed by the northern nations, especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the

personages in its rank in the boustrophedon form. By this arrangement, says he, the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner? figure 12 is the well-known fool; figure 11 is a Morisco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the Piper. Figure 8 the May-pole. Then follow the English characters, representing, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5, the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended consort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, representative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the lesser fool closes the rear.

My description commences where this concludes, or I have reversed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not assert that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glass there

there is no memorial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of *Sports, or lawful Recreation upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, published by king James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and, as Ben Jonson's Masque of the *Metamorphosed Gypsies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621. I once thought that the glass might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prologue to the play of *Henry* VIII. that Shakspere's fools should be dressed "in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not so habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakspere, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson assert, and they seem justified in doing so from king Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscrolled inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red cross and St. Andrew's white cross joined together, which was ordered by king James, in 1606, as Stowe's

Chronicle

Chronicle certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535, when king "Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be knotted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of much obscurity; but it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history of our ancient dresses.

TOLLET.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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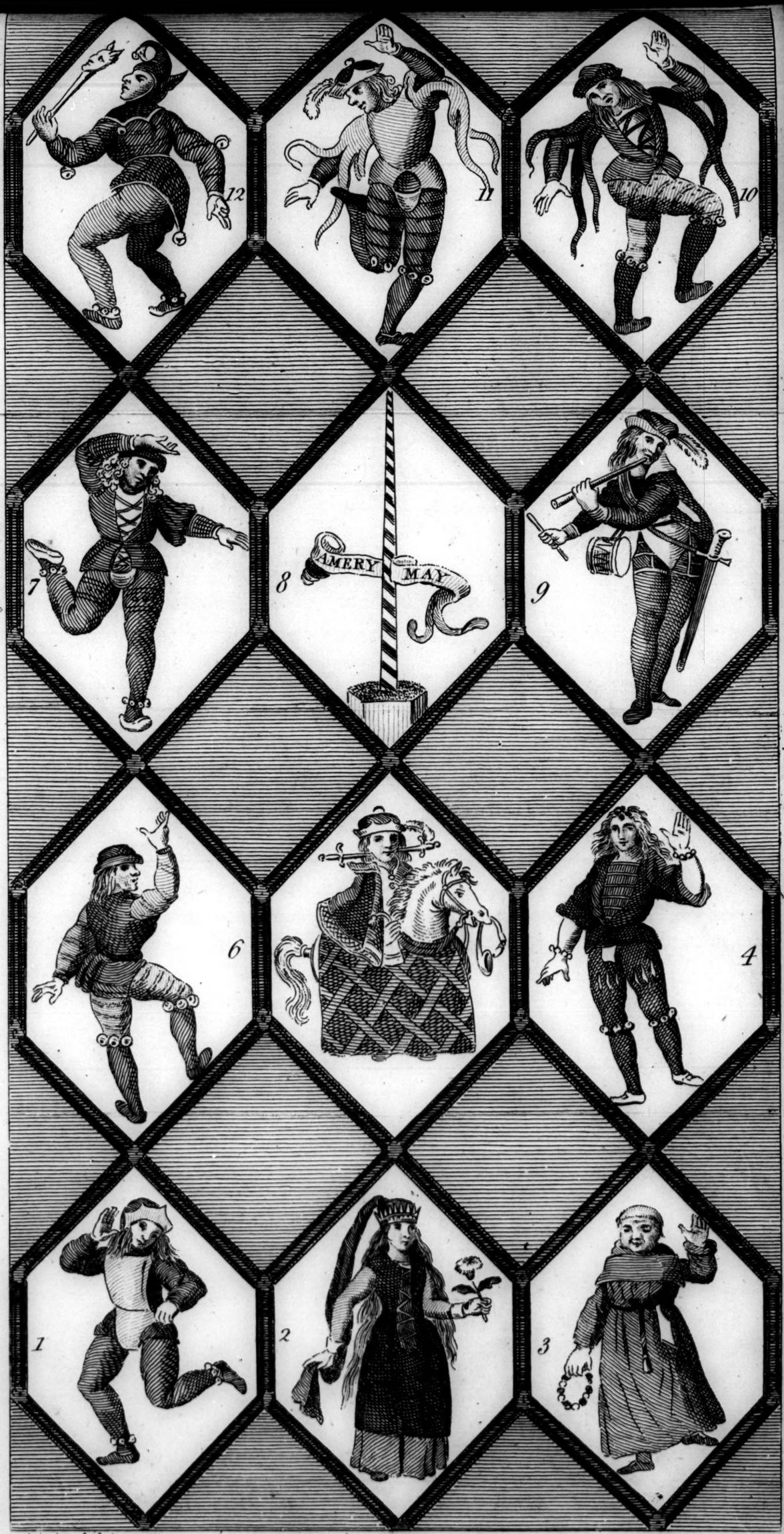

Grignion Sculp.

MORRIS DANCERS.

From an Ancient Window in the House of
GEORGE TOLLET Esqr. at BETLEY in STAFFORDSHIRE.